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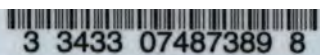
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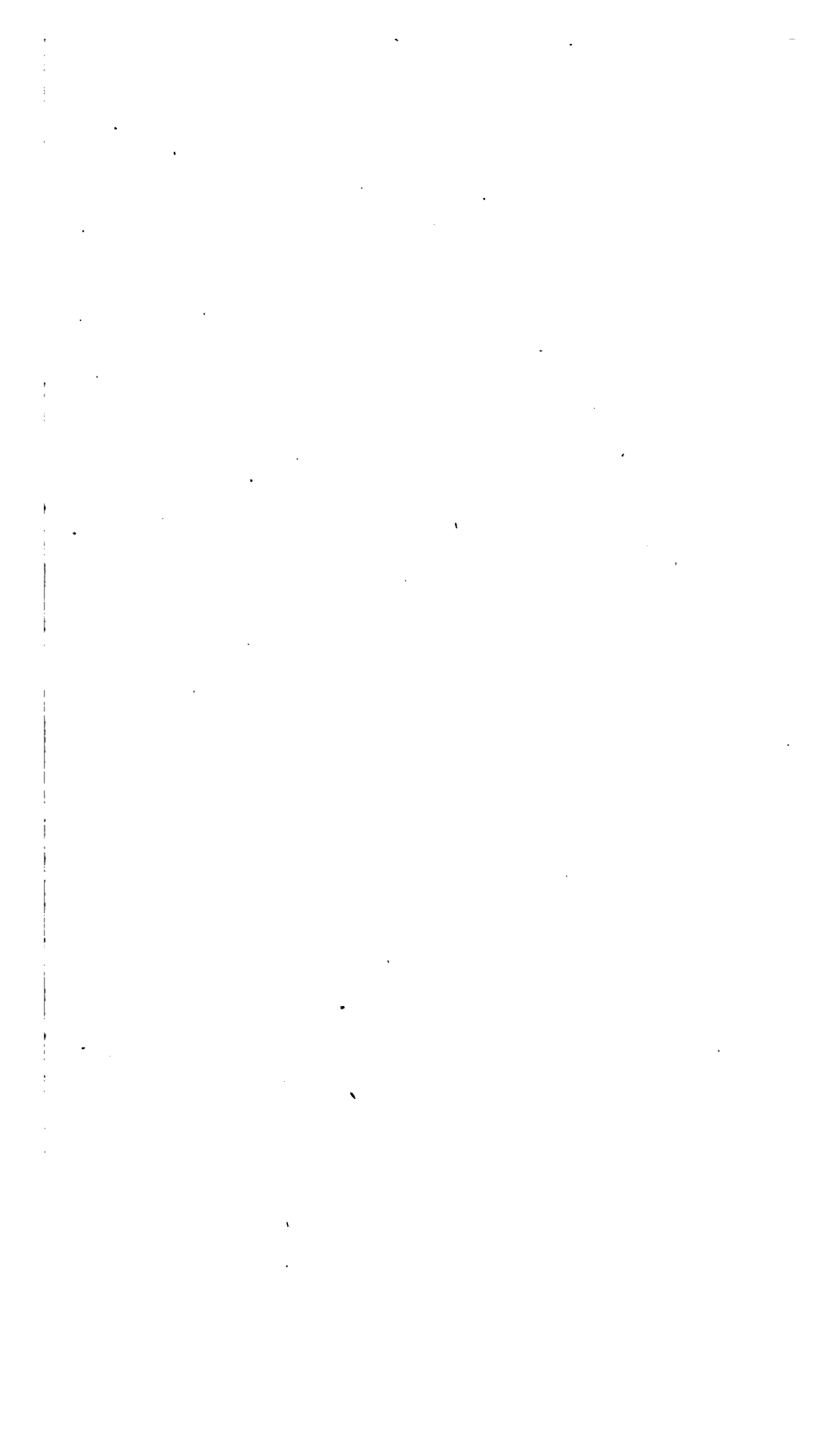
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Thomas Farnham 1847

RUSSIA;

OR,

THE CRISIS OF EUROPE,

A POEM.

WITH COPIOUS NOTES.

AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS AND COSSACKS.

"Ages may elapse before an opportunity equally favourable again presents itself; and it would be an abuse of the goodness of Providence not to take advantage of this Crisis to reconstruct the great work of the equilibrium of Europe, and thereby to insure public tranquillity and individual happiness."

Proclamation of the Emperor Alexander.

LONDON;

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THUS, ALEXANDER! at thy royal feet,
Monarch and Patriot thou, to virtue dear,
Now laid his lyre who yet would gain thy ear,
Haply if e'er this page thy presence greet!—
Deeds of courageousness unknown to fear,
And patriot piety, which all revere,
Presum'd to thee an offering not unmeet.
Russia the scene displaying; valiant, true,
Her sons triumphant who their thousands slew;
Though verse but feebly should their worth repeat,
Accept it graciously. So may thy crown,
Unsullied in the eye of fair renown,
Prelusive of that diadem be found,
Where, with immortal state, the Just is crown'd!

Ellis 25 Jan. 1943

P R E F A C E.

THE topics which are embraced in the following sheets have recently occupied no ordinary share of attention; and the Poem itself makes its appearance under circumstances of increasing moment, both to this country and the world.

Those who have observed the eventful occurrences of the last twenty-five years, and becomingly considered them, will scarcely censure the seriousness with which the Author views them. Seriousness does not indeed attach to him individually. "This state of things," remarked the late Dr. Priestley, in his *Posthumous Discourses*, "might lead men to look to the hand of God, and a particular PROVIDENCE, which is evidently bringing

about a state of things far exceeding, in magnitude and importance, any thing that the present or any former generation of man has seen. And a person of an habitually pious disposition, who regards the hand of God in every thing, will not take up a Newspaper without reflecting—that he is going to see what God has wrought, and considering what it is that he is apparently about to work *!”

* Theologians, however, are not the only persons who can contemplate public events in a religious point of view ; as is evident from the subjoined passage in Mr. Randolph's Address to his countrymen.—“ I can speak with freedom,” declares this patriot, “ and it becomes me to do so ; nor shall I be deterred by the cavils and the sneers of those who hold as ‘ foolishness’ all that savours not of worldly wisdom, from expressing fully and freely those sentiments which it has pleased GOD, in his mercy, to engrave upon my heart! These are no ordinary times. The state of the world is unexampled.”——“ We are told, as we were told in the days of the mad ambition of Mr. Adams, that ‘the finger of Heaven points to war.’ Yes, the finger of Heaven does point to war! It points to war, as it points to the mansion of eternal misery and torture,—as to a flaming beacon, warning us of that vortex which we may not approach, but with certain destruction. It points to desolated Europe ; and warns us of the chastisement of those nations who have offended against the justice, and almost beyond the mercy, of Heaven.”

Without the least affectation of pious feeling, unduly excited, he who shall reconsider but the transactions of the past year, connected with that which has commenced, and be still indisposed to acknowledge ‘the hand of God,’ working in events, is an object of supreme pity, if not of contempt. What have we now seen? Napoleon, the scourge of modern times, “proudly calculating on his own forces, and on those which he had embodied from almost all the European powers, and hurried on by desire of conquest and thirst for blood, hastened to penetrate even into the bosom” of Russia; who, finding him “pass her *frontiers* with a fury which nothing could arrest, was compelled, though with a sorrowful and wounded heart, invoking the aid of God, to draw the sword, and promise not to return it to the scabbard so long as a single enemy remained on her territory*.” Presumption was chastised,—ambition was defeated! We have, virtually speaking, seen this. Contrary

* Proclamation of the Emperor Alexander, given at Wilna, January 6, 1813; from which further extracts are here made, in succession.

to his hopes, confounding his boastings and prognostics *, we know that the expectations and calculations of Napoleon, respecting Russia, have been utterly disappointed. The re-

* THE RUSSIAN WAR.—“ *This unprecedented war, which Russia, (notwithstanding the remembrance of Austerlitz, of Pultusk, of Eylau, of Friedland, notwithstanding the oaths taken at Tilsit and at Erfurth,) has dared to declare, is, we doubt not, Sire, a Decree of Providence, which, touched with the misfortunes of our nation, has resolved to put an end to them.*”

President of the Deputation of the Confederation of Poland, to the Emperor Napoleon.

DESTINIES OF NAPOLEON.—“ *You, Sire, have been raised up by Providence; its strength is put into your hands!*” “ *Say, Sire, that ‘The kingdom of Poland exists, and that decree will to the world be equivalent to the reality!’*” “ *Fate has reserved this termination for the Head of the Fourth Dynasty—for Napoleon the Great! before whom the policy of three centuries were but a momentary object, and the space from South to North but a single point!!*”

“ *Return thanks to Providence, which evidently manifests its beneficent designs towards you, through Napoleon the Great. His coming, like that of the Sun, before which the ice dissolves, has dissipated every obstacle; and his benign accents, while they awake the joy of hope in our bosoms, fill us with sentiments of the most ardent gratitude!*”

Proclamation of the Provisional Committee, to the Lithuanians, July 7th, 1812.

sult is before us. Demand we—Where now are those armies, consisting of “half a million of soldiers, infantry and cavalry, accompanied by fifteen hundred pieces of cannon,” with which Napoleon “pierced into the heart of Russia, extended himself, and spread fire and devastation? Where are his armies, like a mass of black clouds, which the wind has drawn together? They are dispersed as rain. A great part, wetting the earth with their blood, covered the fields of the governments of Moscow, Kaluga, Smolensko, White Russia, and Lithuania. Another part, equally great, was captured in the frequent battles, together with many of their generals and commanders. The rest, pursued in their precipitate flight, and overtaken by cold and hunger, strewed the road from Moscow to the frontiers of Russia, with carcasses, cannons, waggons, and baggage. Even their proud Chief himself with difficulty escaped, with his principal officers; leaving his army dispersed, and abandoning his cannon.*”

* “The Anointed of the Lord had, without doubt, said by inspiration: ‘I will not lay down my arms until I have driven

Who does not trace the Hand of God in such scenes as these? The Emperor Alexander discerned it.—“ Acknowledge,” said he, “ Divine Providence in this wonderful event. Let us prostrate ourselves before his sacred throne; and, evidently seeing his hand chastising pride and impiety, instead of boasting and glorying in our own victories, learn, from this great and terrible example, to be modest and peaceable executors of his law and will! Let us proceed to the temple of his sanctity, and there, crowned with his hand, thank him for the benefits which he has bestowed upon us; addressing to him our ardent supplications that he will extend to us his favour, granting us victory on victory, and the wished-for peace and tranquillity*.”

from the Russian soil the enemy who has dared to pass its limits!’—This prophecy is fulfilled. The only traces of the enemy, which are yet perceptible, are his bones, spread over the fields, from Moscow to the frontiers of the Empire.”

Prince Kutusoff Smolensko, to the Emperor Alexander.

* None can suspect the sincerity of the Emperor Alexander’s attachment to peace, after reading the annexed extract of a Letter from Bernadotte, as Prince Royal of Sweden, to Bonaparte, dated March the 14th, 1812.—“ Humanity,” says this

It has been reserved for our times, amidst instances of great national depravity, to witness the heart-consoling spectacle of justice combatting violence; and gloriously triumphing, in the dignified simplicity of truth, over the most inveterate and powerful of her foes. Russia has presented this spectacle! She has done more. Having thus signally succeeded in maintaining her own independence, she has, with an heroism honouring her cause, disdaining the selfishness of security, called upon other countries to assert themselves, while offering, heart and sword, to co-operate in re-

Prince, "has already suffered too much. The blood of man has, for the last twenty years, inundated the earth; and there is nothing wanting to your Majesty's (Napoleon) glory, but to put a stop to it. If your Majesty thinks proper that the King should cause the *Emperor Alexander* to be informed of the possibility of a reconciliation, I augur sufficiently well, from the *magnanimity* of that monarch, to dare assure you that he *will willingly agree to overtures that may be equally equitable for your Empire and for the North*. If an event so unexpected, and so universally desired, could take place, how many nations of the Continent would not bless your Majesty! Their gratitude would be augmented by reason of the horror which inspires them against the return of a scourge which has lain so heavy on them, and the ravages of which have left such cruel traces behind it."

gaining and establishing their liberty *. They have, then, their choice. Whatever the result may prove, Russia is blameless as to them, and meritorious in herself. Should apathy sink them, although to be deplored, who can commiserate them? It is fit, that nations who will not fight the battles of independence, should be enlisted under the banners of tyranny; that men who decline to struggle for their own country, should be compelled to

These representations had no effect upon *Napoleon Bonaparte*, though, describing the Battle of Lutzen, he owns that it "presented an affecting spectacle;" and says, that "Europe would, at length, be at peace,—if the Sovereigns, and the Ministers who direct their Cabinets, could have been present on the field of battle!" Was not *he* there, the *cause* of war?

* "Already there remains not a single enemy on the face of our country. You have reached the borders of the empire over their dead bodies and bones. It still remains for you to go forward over the same,—not to make conquests, or to carry war into the countries of our neighbours, but to obtain a wished-for and solid peace. You go to procure rest for yourselves, and freedom and independence for them. May they become our friends! The acceleration of peace will depend on your conduct."

Alexander's Order to the Russian Army, issued at Wilna, on the 6th of January, 1813.

conflict for its enemies. They deserve this, and infinitely worse.

Let us hope, however, that the day of political retribution is not so distantly removed as some of our contemporaries seem to fear. Bonaparte has forfeited his infallibility. France, after what she has beheld, can no longer repose an implicit confidence in his genius, or an unshaken hope in his fortunes; while the surrounding States, submissive from necessity, will yet embrace the first decisive opening for emancipating themselves from the yoke under which they have so long fruitlessly sighed, bitterly groaned, and ingloriously bled!

Let it be hoped, finally, that Frenchmen themselves will one day be ashamed of having boasted, with reference to their present state, that sixty millions of citizens easily supply the recruiting of their armies; and that, repelling so shocking an assumption, they will render it impossible for their Emperor to expend the lives of twenty-five thousand men a month*.

* It is said, the King of Saxony having hinted the probability of the Russian Campaign costing the French a great number

May it not afford us satisfaction to reflect, nevertheless, that a death-blow has been given to those opinions from whose operation we must indisputably date all the calamities of this age? Nor will it diminish this feeling, when we find, at the same time, that these disorganising sentiments have experienced extinction in the precise country to which they were indebted for their birth. Although himself “sprung, with the revolution-harpies of France, from night and hell*,”—first “the child,” and next “the Champion of Jacobinism †,”—Napoleon has discovered, at length, that it was “to those dark metaphysics, which in pursuing with subtlety the search after first causes, seek to found upon their basis the legislation of nations, instead of accommodating laws to the knowledge of the human heart, and to the lessons of history, that we must attri-

of men, during an interview with Bonaparte at Dresden, that Napoleon replied—he knew it, but that he could afford to expend 25,000 men a month! “Morality does shudder,” as the biographer of Prince Potemkin says, “at what an ambitious policy considers expedient to ensure its triumph.”

* Burke's Works.

† Mr. Pitt's memorable description of him.

bute all the misfortunes which France has experienced ;" and that, consequently, when men are called "to regenerate States," they must, if they mean well, "follow principles directly opposite*." France decreed existence to revolutionary philosophism, and in France it has found its grave.

The proclamation of such sentiments by Napoleon, with whatever view, is of considerable use. His experience consolidates them.

* Napoleon's Reply to the Address of the Senate, at Paris, on Sunday, the 20th of December, 1812.

Napoleon of late professes to have been so penetrated with the atrocity of revolutionary principles, that though he would "have been able to arm the greater part of her population against" Russia, "by proclaiming liberty to the slaves," yet he "refused to accede to a measure which would have devoted many families to death, and to the most horrible punishments!" This is, however, too much. We know, indeed, from well-attested facts, that the deserted state of the towns and villages but ill comported with Napoleon's prediction of being received by the inhabitants with the fraternal embrace; whilst the peasantry, who volunteered into the hastily raised levies, penetrated the enemy's regiments with the same implements with which, only a few weeks before, they had turned up their fields!

Let us, for once, leave his character and motives wholly out of consideration; and, with wiser aim, here learn

‘ To reverence Scripture even from Satan’s tongue !’

London,
May 27, 1813.

RUSSIA ;

OR,

THE CRISIS OF EUROPE.

PART I.

MUST Europe mourn ?—Still, o'er her fairest plains
Ambition stalks, and desolation reigns ;—
Nature in vain earth's beauteous scene renews,
Cheerless its sun, despoil'd its loveliest views ;
While, scarce untainted heaven's inspiring gale,
Blood shocks the eye, and groans the ear assail !

Whence Europe's woes, let, then, Ambition say,
Impatient urging his ensanguin'd way :
Reckless of widowed hearts, parental sighs,
Lost in his soul, and fury in his eyes,
Honour, ambition's tolerated name,
Encircles half an universe with flame !

Napoleon, chief, whence Europe's mischiefs spring;
 Gallia's fierce Emp'ror!—Italy's stern King!
 Napoleon, warfare long his sole employ,
 Dreaming of conquest, waking—to destroy.

Since warring rulers but in wrath design'd,
 Whence wars?—those splendid scourges of mankind!
 ' Whence wars and fightings?' 'Tis a question fraught
 With dire rebuke, with truth-appalling thought.
 ' Whence wars and fightings?' asks th' Apostle still:
 ' Ye lust,' he answers; ' have not, and—ye kill!'
 Seek we the proof? Though history were unread,
 Forgot its page, forgot the valiant dead;
 Russia—what country gives its warning next!—
 Supplies full comment on the sacred text¹.

¹ "The mighty and happy Russian empire, which possesses every thing in abundance, awakened in the heart of the enemy (*Napoleon Bonaparte!*) envy and dread. *The possession of the whole world could not satisfy him, so long as the fertile fields of Russia still were happy.* Full of this envy and internal hatred, he revolved, turned and arranged, in his mind, all manner of evil means—by which he might give a dreadful blow to her power, a total confusion to her riches, and bring general destruction on her prosperity."

Proclamation by the Emperor Alexander, Nov. 15, 1812.

Though at his feet subjected myriads lay,
 Caught in his snares or humbled by his sway;
 Though o'er the princely heads he knew to spare,
 Deem'd yet secure, and sooth'd with royal fare,
 Hung the dread sword of fate, at his command
 Ready to fall—by some accursed hand;
 States: unsubdued Napoleon's grasp excite,
 Russia must bow, or meet the impending fight.
 Ambition,—honour edg'd to dark emprise!—
 Ambition, envy-prompted, braves the skies.

Yet not thy spoils, nor fertile fields, alone,
 Not e'en the mighty splendour of thy throne,
 Russia! commission'd the Invader's bands
 To raze thy cities, and lay waste thy lands.
 Hatred to England, summon'd, and array'd,
 The tributary slaves his arms had made;
 Hatred to England, on thy plains reveal'd
 Napoleon's views, no longer ill conceal'd:
 Where'er his eagles flew, his acts proclaim'd
 To England hatred!—unappeas'd, untam'd².

² Alexander is said to have represented to Napoleon, that
 Russia could no longer exist, as a nation, without commerce;
 and that he was willing to make great sacrifices to secure even

Napoleon wills—commands; by hope or fear
 Attracted, lo! embattled hosts appear.
 Tools of his power and ensigns of his pride,
 Though by no leaguer-principle allied,

a portion of trade to his subjects: he therefore proposed to lay a new duty of 25 per cent. on all colonial produce and goods of British manufacture, and would allow France half the revenue arising from it. Napoleon, however, would not be satisfied with any measure short of shutting the ports of Russia against British shipping.

FRANCE ACTUALLY WAGED WAR AGAINST RUSSIA, ONLY BECAUSE SHE ADMITTED BRITISH PRODUCE INTO HER PORTS UNDER NEUTRAL FLAGS! There seems no doubt of this fact.—“Colonial produce,” observes a letter from Vienna, dated June 23, 1812, “which had before been at a low price, begins to rise; all speculators perceive that the present war will put an end to the introduction of that merchandize.”

“The Emperor Napoleon had laid down, for subjugated Europe, a peremptory rule,—that he would acknowledge as friends, only the enemies of Britain; that neutrality, formerly the bulwark of the weaker states, amidst the contests of the most powerful, no longer had any real meaning; and that all the combinations of policy, every feeling of dignity, must disappear before the omnipotence of arms, and an unbending will.”

Report to his Majesty the king of Sweden, by his Minister for Foreign Affairs, Jan. 7, 1813.

“THE ALLIANCE OF FRANCE—while it exacts, in the first instance, the loss of independence—CONDUCTS, BY DEGREES, TO ALL THE SACRIFICES WHICH ANNIHILATE THE PROSPERITY OF A STATE!”

Ibid.

These swell his ranks, acclaim him as he goes,
 Submit to fight the quarrel of their foes³.
 All now the contest court. Hope most inspires,
 Base hope of plunder; rage their chieftain fires!—
 What deeds await the man to empire born!
 What crowns shall yet the victor's brow adorn!

Russia's dark doom imperious to decide,
 ' Fate drags her on ' ! ' at length, Napoleon cried :

³ " At length," says the Emperor Alexander, " having collected a large army; and strengthened it with Austrian, Prussian, Bavarian, Wurtemberg, Westphalian, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Polish regiments, who were constrained through disgrace and fear; he put himself in motion with this immense force, supplied with vast quantities of artillery."

Proclamation, Nov. 15, 1812.

⁴ Convinced of the impracticability of obtaining his terms with Russia, after the rejection of the overtures by Lauriston, he exclaimed, according to his own Bulletin, with unabated pride,—
 ' The conquered assume the tone of the conquerors. Fate drags them on: let their destinies be fulfilled ! ' "

" RUSSIA IS DRAGGED ALONG BY A FATALITY!—HER DESTINIES MUST BE ACCOMPLISHED!"

Napoleon's Proclamation to the Grand Army, June 22, 1812.

" The Second War of Poland has commenced. It will be as glorious to the French army as the first," &c. &c.

Ibid.

' Fate drags her on! accomplish'd be that fate ;
 Swift as my word, determin'd as my hate⁵ !
 Prophet armipotent ! aw'd by thy nod,
 Whose followers deem thee more than demi-god !—
 Conqueror prophetic ! mindful to atchieve
 Much that thy fond idolaters believe ;
 Europe, from India to the frozen North,
 Concern'd in what thy solitude brings forth⁶ !—
 Dread ' Captain of the age⁷ !' whose ' iron' sway
 Rebels approve, and kings themselves obey ;

⁵ Bonaparte is said to have declared, somewhat in the way of echappade, at Tilsit, that ' He loved vengeance ; it was a passion—a sentiment—congenial to his heart !'

⁶ " Before whom," declared the Polish Deputies, " the policy of three centuries were but a momentary object ; and the space from South to North, but a single point !" For the couplet, however, which so forcibly and happily expresses this intended compliment to " Napoleon the Great—the Head of the Fourth Dynasty !" the present author is indebted to Waller's panegyric on another ' Great Man,' i. e. Oliver Cromwell ; who (*entre nous*) died without establishing any dynasty, though he left a son at full age behind !

⁷ Paris, October 13, 1812.—" *Is it not fortunate for FRANCE AND EUROPE, that their destinies are confided to the greatest CAPTAIN of the age !—to the hero whose prudence equals his activity—who abandons nothing to chance—overcomes all difficulties—and seems, by his genius, to enchain fortune and command events ?*"

Wont to ensnare each state, enslave each land,
Slept now the thunder in thy vengeful hand?

It slept not!—bursting on the startled ear
Napoleon's thunder, as his troops drew near:
Russia still waiting the propitious hour
To beard her foemen, and assert her pow'r.
Mistaken they; who strangely thus infer
That jarring councils caus'd her steps to err,
While consternation seiz'd each recreant soul,
Dismay'd at Austrian-Frank and Gallic-Pole^a.

It slept not!—Eager for their promis'd prey,
Rous'd between night's sad hours, and doubtful day,
Russia! devoted to destroy, at last
Invading hosts thy frontier-river past;
Invading hosts by no mean chieftain led,
Whose name alone the harbinger of dread,

^a Kowno, June 26.—“ *The French army, which is now actually on the right bank of the Niemen, is formidable, and in good condition. Provided with every thing in abundance, it pants only for glory. It is a fact, almost inconceivable, that the French army should have passed the Niemen without encountering any obstacle on the part of the enemy (Russia), who was completely deceived by the manœuvres of the Emperor Napoleon.*”

Napoleon,—loud denounc'd th' avenging lot!—
Catherine resented⁹, Tilsit's scenes forgot!¹⁰.

It slept not!—though the thunderer's utmost rage,
Whom treaties bind not, nor fair terms assuage¹¹,
Now vainly menac'd. No misgiving dread,
Russia, dishearten'd thy Illustrious Head!

⁹ RUSSIA "REJECTED, WITH DISDAIN, THE HAND OFFERED
TO THE LOVELY AND DIGNIFIED CATHERINE!" Sir R. W.

¹⁰ Napoleon, in the fervour of his connexions with Russia, or of hatred to Prussia, declared, at Tilsit, that—'He foresaw that Russia would advance to the Vistula, which was her natural boundary; although Alexander might then decline the offer, influenced by motives of friendship, a term which he did not recognize, in the vocabulary of sovereigns, under the head of state affairs!'

¹¹ "FOR THE PRESERVATION OF PEACE, I HAVE EXHAUSTED EVERY POSSIBLE MEANS consistent with the honour of my throne and the advantage of my people. All my endeavours have been in vain. THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON HAS FULLY RESOLVED, in his own mind, TO RUIN RUSSIA. There, therefore, remain no further steps for me to take, but to have recourse to arms; and to employ all the means that have been granted me by Providence, to use force against force. Providence will crown with success our just cause."

Alexander's Proclamation upon the passage of the Niemen, by the French.

Calmly the scepter'd patriot saw advance
 Confederate nations, in the van of France ;
 Awfully calm, in heaven-felt trust secure,
 Sublime his prospect, since his contest pure ;
 Content to leave the issue of the fight
 With perfect wisdom, and all-judging night.
 Firm in the POWER DIVINE! whose needed aid
 He sought; whose cause espous'd, whose will obey'd¹¹.

" FRENCHIFIED COMEDIANS EXPELLED PETERSBURGH!—November the 18th an Edict was addressed, by his Imperial Majesty, to Mr. Alexander Naristikin, chief Manager of the Theatre, declaring the Company of French Comedians quite unnecessary in the present state of affairs; and directing that all the actors and actresses comprising the same, both at St. Petersburg and Moscow, should be immediately dismissed.

Specifying the artful designs of *Napoleon*, it is observed by the Emperor Alexander, in the excellent Proclamation of November the 15th, that, amongst other artifices, "*he thought to strike the national sight with follies and extravagances.*" Aware of this stratagem, and determined to frustrate it, the Emperor of Russia, we see, lost no time in striking at the root of those "*follies and extravagances,*" with the exhibition of which it was designed "*to strike the national sight*" of his hitherto happy, because simple and patriotic, subjects.

Britain has yet to profit by this high example. "As we are at war with the power,"—said Dr. Young,—"*it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France!* A LAND OF LEVITY, IS A LAND OF GUILT."

Meantime, exulting in their leader's skill

To force by threatening, and command at will,

ALEXANDER has shown himself not less anxious to propitiate the favour, than avert the anger, of Providence! He not only endeavoured to purge his metropolis of theatrical immorality, but also excited in it an emulation for doing good. Finding that a 'Bible Society' was forming in Russia, he was solicitous to sign his name in recommendation of this institution, before he left the capital to join his army. His religion accompanied him.—"The Emperor Alexander," said his sneering foe, "and General Barclay de Tolloy, scarcely let a day pass without issuing a new INVOCATION TO THE GOD OF ARMIES!" "We are assured," he elsewhere adds, "the *Emperor Alexander* is gone to Moscow, to organize and *prêach to his levies!*" HAS THEIR EMPEROR PREACHED IN VAIN?

Napoleon, declares an Ukase, issued by the Emperor Alexander, from his Camp near Polotzk, July 18th, 1812, "has formed in his mind the base determination to destroy the glory and prosperity of our country. With *cunning in his heart* and *deceit on his lips*, he is bringing everlasting chains and fetters into it. We have called on the ALMIGHTY for assistance, and have appealed to HIM for our defence.— — People of Russia! WITH THE CROSS IN YOUR HEART, AND THE SWORD IN YOUR HAND, NO martial force can vanquish you." Again.—"No step or means that have so frequently been resorted to by the punctual fulfilment of peaceable stipulations, have been able to check his (Bonaparte's) obstinate design, &c. With *peaceful promises on his tongue*, he never ceased to think on war."

Alexander's Proclamation, Nov. 15, 1812.

Concession, now, e'en bulletins proclaim ;
 Mistook for conquest, and usurp'd its name.
 Wilna possess'd, hope to ambition true,
 Moscow is gain'd, and Petersburg in view !
 Moscow, fair quarters for the Conqueror yields,
 Kaluga offers her redundant fields ;
 Nor troops dispute his way, nor *clouds* remain
 Of hovering Cossacks to obscure his reign.
 Visions of greatness gild each wakeful night,
 Recruit his spirits, and his march invite !
 Persia his coming waits ; and, at his feet,
 India is prostrate,—the World's Lord to greet ¹³ !

¹³ Wilna, July 11th, 1812.—“ Thus, ten days after opening the campaign, our advanced posts are upon the Dwina. Almost the whole of Lithuania, containing four millions of inhabitants, has been conquered. The operations of the war commenced at the passage of the Vistula. Thus, the army has been making forced marches, from the period of passing that river, in order to advance by means of manœuvres upon the Dwina ; for the distance between the Vistula and the Dwina is greater than that between the Dwina and Moscow, or Petersburg.”

See the Sixth Bulletin.

“ Many, indeed, extended their visionary hopes far beyond the ruin of the Russian Empire, and indulged the romantic prospect of expeditions to Persia and to India.

“ Napoleon had publicly asserted, that an inevitable destiny was hurrying Russia to its destruction ;” whilst “ his reputation,

Vain visions yet. Witepsk might well have taught
 Projects less frantic, some prudential thought.
 Witepsk—contested till retiring day,
 On slaughter'd thousands, shed its blushing ray!
 Witepsk—where ' lads of Paris' proud display'd
 Feats that Napoleon " with applause survey'd ;

his uniform and unvaried career of success, and the formidable numbers of his army, gave to his words the weight of prophecy. Even the least credulous, and most judicious, began to infer that his political and military combinations rested on solid grounds; and the unthinking multitude believed, more strongly than ever, in their infallibility.

" Meantime the Russians continued their retreat, with the utmost regularity ;" which circumstance (unusual with their armies, who pant only for fight, disdaining the appearance of retreating !) " proved it to be systematical, and not originating in necessity, or caused by the difficulties and losses of a defeat."

Narrative of ' The Retreat of the French,' from a German pamphlet published at Petersburg.

" Two companies of Voltigeurs had marched in advance, alone; they skirted the bank of the river, (Lutchessa, about a league beyond Ostrovno,) advancing towards that enormous mass of cavalry, which made a forward movement and surrounded these *two hundred* men, who were thought to be lost, and who ought to have been so." It happened otherwise with this indisputably " sacred" band! " Concentrating themselves with the greatest coolness, *they remained during a whole hour hemmed in on all sides*; and, *having brought down more than 300 horsemen of the enemy*, these two companies gave the French cavalry time to

Witepsk—whence yet the vanquish'd-brave withdrew
Compact, those lads unanxious to pursue :—

debouche.” — — — “ *The Emperor was on an height very near the 200 Voltigeurs, who alone, on the plain, had attacked the right of the enemy's cavalry. Struck with their fine conduct, he sent to enquire what corps they belonged to? They answered—“ To the 9th; and three-fourths of us are Lads of Paris.” Remark his answer: “ Tell them that they are brave fellows: they all deserve the cross !”*—Tenth Bulletin.

Doubtless the Bulletinist saw all this (the two hundred Parisian Voltigeurs bring down three hundred Russian Cavalry, and Napoleon exposed on an height near them!) with his own eyes; and, therefore, as our Cowper would say,—

“ I must believe it, on that ground alone;
I could not, had I seen it with my own !”

Notwithstanding the flourishes of the Bulletinist, something more like truth, concerning Russian resistance, escapes the Prince Viceroy, Eugene Napoleon Beauharnois. “ Upon the right,” says this Prince, “ *the Voltigeurs and 92d experienced a greater resistance: they had to penetrate through the forest, debouche, and form under the enemy's fire; who had placed on their left their principal force. It was not without multiplied efforts, that General Roussel succeeded in taking a position, upon debouching from the wood, and driving away the enemy. All the valour of the troops, and the obstinacy of the General, were required to succeed in this so difficult attack.*”

Sir Robert Wilson, during this campaign, very narrowly escaped a fate similar to that which unfortunately befel one gallant foe. “ *General Roussel,*” observes the Tenth Bulletin, “ a brave soldier, after being the whole day (July 26, 1812,) at the head of

Victors, since boasting of their welcome spoils,
Though gladly seeking respite from their toils¹⁵.

the battalions, was visiting the advanced posts, at ten at night, when a sentinel mistook him for an enemy, fired upon him, and the ball shattered his skull! He ought to have died three hours sooner," subjoins the Bulletin; "on the field of battle, and by the hand of the enemy."

"The magazines of Witepsk are provisioned, the hospitals organised. *These ten days of repose are extremely useful to the army.* The heat is, besides, excessive; we have it warmer here than in Italy."

Twelfth Bulletin, dated Witepsk, August 7th.

Repose of "ten days;" and, the foe flying! The truth seems, that they had fought, and like men.— — — "After some moments of repose in order to rally the troops, and re-form the columns," says the Prince Viceroy, detailing the action of the 26th, "the enemy were again pursued," &c.— — — "I ordered a charge of cavalry," declares Joachim Napoleon Murat, styled King of Naples, "against a column of infantry, which was marching audaciously on the plain."

"Both sides," indeed, "fought with the greatest obstinacy;" but "the superiority in numbers was on the side of the French." *Advices had come suddenly to hand, however, which changed the original plan of the Russian Commander-in-Chief; who, "instead of giving battle in the vicinity of Witepsk, determined to march upon Smolensko. He commenced this bold movement, while his rear-guard was still engaged in the hottest fight! He manœuvred in the face of the enemy, and marched off in three columns."* No voltigeurs pursuing him!

Jakaboff, too, where Wittgenstein's firm band
 Marshal'd, and made an unexpected stand ;
 Jakaboff lesson'd the presumptuous host,
 Baffled their General, and belied his boast :
 Days worthy heroes, then, thrice rose and set,
 While, blade to blade, opposing squadrons met ;
 Scarcely reliev'd by interposing night,
 Morning renew'd the still-impatient fight !
 There, thousands plunge beneath the waves of death ;
 Here, gasping, yield exasperated breath !
 Dreadful the scene ! Fury, with valour, strove ;
 Till fail'd the cause adjudg'd to fall above.
 Appall'd, dismay'd, at length, Duke Reggio fled ;
 Behind him left the dying, as the dead ¹⁶ !—

¹⁶ Nothing can surpass the romancing effrontery displayed in Marshal Oudinot's (Duke of Reggio) Reports of the *Engagement of Jakaboff*. These sanguinary conflicts took place on the last days of July, 1812 ; commencing about five versts from the village of Jakaboff, whence the Corps of Oudinot was marching to the attack, while the Russians, under Lieutenant-General Count Wittgenstein, commander of the first separate corps, were advancing in force. Of these dreadful affairs, (the first of which took place about four o'clock on the afternoon of July the 30th, and lasted till ten at night,) Oudinot, taking all imaginable reputation to himself, thinks it sufficient to state, generally, that " the Russians, at first, made a lively but useless resistance ;" and although he acknowledges that the morning of the 31st had

Meanly escap'd, his ranks compell'd to yield,
And darkly wounded, though he fled the field.

scarcely "began to break, when they renewed their attacks," assailed the Castle of Jakaboff, "after a prodigious fire of artillery," and were "actually in the court," still he has the *mensonge* to maintain that they were, finally, "overthrown in a moment, and driven into the Drissa, leaving in his power 14 pieces of cannon, 13 caissons, and more than 3000 prisoners!!!"

Wittgenstein, indeed, (having previously sent forward his cavalry to scour the country, and which, in eight days, had captured a General, eight Officers, 100 privates, and nearly annihilated the 7th and 11th French Chasseurs, as likewise the 8th Hulans, and the 10th Chasseurs, both Polish regiments!) gives a very different statement of these terrible transactions. "After one of the most obstinate and bloody battles, which continued without intermission for Three days, from morning till night," says the Count, "I succeeded in defeating the artful and powerful enemy of our native country. *The Corps of Marshal Oudinot* (which consisted of three of the best Divisions of French Infantry,) *is completely beaten, and has retired in confusion.* The Generals of Division Le Grand and Verdier are both wounded." — — — "This engagement of three days," adds the Count, "has crowned the Russian army with new laurels; and the corps entrusted to me has, by its spirit and valour, performed prodigies that I have not at present leisure to describe. Undismayed by the active and determined opposition of the enemy, it overthrew and annihilated, (with the bayonet, and by the operation of the artillery,) every thing that was brought against it—consisting of batteries, and cannon of large calibre. *All the villages and fields through which we have marched,*" pursuing the enemy, "*are covered with dead bodies!*" — — — We have taken *three thousand prisoners*, of

Elated, lo! Napoleon's legions swarm
Smolensko's heights, and pour the battle's storm

whom *twenty-five are officers*; two field-pieces, several ammunition-chests; and the *royal and private baggage, including the camp-equipage of the General.*" — — — "The loss on our side is not small; particularly as we have to lament that of the brave Major-General Kulnew, whose legs were carried off by a cannon-ball.—He is since dead: I myself received a spent-ball in my cheek, but the wound is not dangerous."

Marshal Oudinot had confessed, by the way, that the *Russians advanced upon his positions*, August the 1st, after they had employed the night in debouching till the break of day, "*beating the charge, and uttering loud cries*;" adding, that "*himself had seen few fields of battle which had presented so great a carnage!*" Now, as Count Wittgenstein was forthwith proceeding to drive the fugitive Marshal over the Dwina, after the contest, "the spirits of the troops raised by the late success," it seems pretty certain that these troops, though "driven into the Drissa," according to Oudinot, only some few hours before, had already recovered, however strangely, from the effects of their ducking; nor could any portion of them consist of those who "presented so great a carnage," though the Marshal would imply they did,—unless, indeed, their *spirits alone*, not animal ones, were chivalrous enough to rise and join in chase of their inveterate enemy. — — — Oudinot was dangerously wounded

Subsequent facts have proved that Macdonald was to have pressed forwards to Petersburg, while Napoleon entered Moscow, and thus obtained possession of the ancient and modern capitals of Russia at the same time; but this design was frustrated through the stand made by Wittgenstein!

Tremendous ; till its conflagrated light
 Burst, like Vesuvius¹⁷, on the' astonish'd night !
 Disclosing to the view, more dreadful far
 Than burning lava, scenes of horrid war ;
 Where carnag'd foes, and patriots fall'n in vain,
 Commingling, rear'd the mountain of the slain.
 Smolensko—poorly gain'd¹⁸, though dearly won ;
 Decisive deem'd¹⁹, of struggles scarce begun.

¹⁷ "Smolensk," says the Thirteenth Bulletin of the Grand Army, "offered the French a spectacle similar to that which an eruption of Vesuvius presents to the inhabitants of Naples."—
 With what sang-froid these fiends can contemplate such scenes ?

¹⁸ The obtaining of Smolensko cost 23,000 men. Thrice had the Russian army repulsed the enemy ; and it was prepared to renew the attack, for the fourth time, when General Barclay de Tolly thought it proper to order a retreat, which, about an hour after midnight, left the French masters of the town. The assault commenced at two o'clock on the afternoon of August the 17th, 1812.

Not only was Smolensko dearly won, however, but also poorly gained. After describing it "as one of the finest cities in Russia," the Bulletin adds, that, "had it not been for the circumstances of war which carried thither fire, and consumed immense magazines of colonial merchandize, and goods of all kinds," it "would have been a grand resource for the army."—
 Who carried thither fire?

Smolensko, owing to the nature of its fortifications, being formed on the ancient Russian fashion, and from the houses

Their onward march the tyrant's forces press,
Undaunted yet, nor doubting their success,

being built of combustible materials, was incapable of sustaining any protracted siege; so that, when in flames, the only alternative left was its abandonment.

It is difficult to conjecture, if the Russians were substantially distressed by the conflict at Smolensko, why Napoleon, flushed as his troops should have been with victory, neglected attacking the Russians, on their march from Smolensko to repass the Dnieper; though he is himself reported to have said—"I have lost one of the most brilliant occasions of my life!"

"The last French Bulletin," observed the Monthly Magazine in September, 1812, "left the Emperor Napoleon, with the grand French Armies, half-way between Smolensk and Moscow; and there can be little doubt but, ere this date, that ancient and extensive capital is in the possession of the French armies. *Petersburgh and all the Russian governments, between Smolensk, Moscow, and the Baltic, cannot fail, therefore, to be easily occupied by the French armies,*" &c. &c.

Events did not correspond with the anticipations of this politician! Contemplating the recorded march of the Grand Army, he might have perceived, indeed, that its movements were not altogether so expeditious as to warrant his hopes; since though the Battle of Witepsk, for instance, took place on the 26th of July, it was not till the 12th of August that the Prince of Eckmuhl (Davoust) advanced upon Smolensko.

But "the infatuated government of this semi-barbarous empire," speaking according to the Monthly Magazine, in its previous numbers, "*continued to resist the French armies;*" so much so, that though "*the French Emperor*" was, we are told, "*about to strike*

Though not unwarn'd of conflicts dire at hand:
 O'er princely Kutusoff, behold expand
 His wings the eagle!²⁰—Russia's favour'd sign
 Of victory, assured by strength divine;
 Ominous alone to Gallia's hostile host,
 Whose eagles form their haughty leader's boast!
 Prelusive, now, to far-exceeding woes,
 Again 'the sun of Austerlitz'²¹ arose;—
 Cloudless the heavens, clear-shining after rain,
 That, welcome, freshen'd the still-reeking plain.

it as *with a thunderbolt*," it did invite, rather than avoid, "the blow!"— — — What idiots were the Russians, aspiring now to resist France! Infatuated governments will alone oppose such illustrious resistance.

²⁰ Barclay de Tolly having been recalled, the Prince Kutusoff (Smolensko), appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies, arrived at the head-quarters on the 29th of August, 1812. *Whilst he was visiting the positions of the army, on the first day, an Eagle hovered over his head.* Prince Michailo Larionowitsch took his hat off, and all gave a joyful huzzah!

²¹ "At half-past five o'clock, (September 7, 1812,) the sun rose without clouds; it had rained the preceding evening.—'This is the Sun of Austerlitz,' said the Emperor. Though but the month of September it was as cold as a December in Moravia. *The army received the omen.* The drum beat," &c.— — — "The ground, on which the army stood, was spread with the bodies of the Russians killed the preceding day."

Eighteenth Bulletin.

Rages the foe : yet, panting at the sight,
 Courts the last battle that he aim'd to fight,
 Of conquest self-possess'd ; with glorious prey
 Reserv'd²², to crown the conflicts of the day.
 O cloudless sun ! how soon obscur'd thy rays
 Mid the dread cannon's roar, and sulphur blaze !
 Shakes the firm land ; while, scarce less firm, divide
 War's massive bands,—death dealt from side to side.
 Nor Austerlitz, though fam'd for furious might,
 Nor Friedland's plain, nor yet Smolensko's height,
 Beheld, like thee, unyielding hosts engage ;
 Thee, Borodino ! whom the' enduring page
 Shall proud transmit to men of distant time,
 Admir'd by patriot hearts in every clime²³.

²² Extract from the order of the day, addressed by Napoleon to the Grand Army.—‘Soldiers ! behold the field of battle you have so much desired ! henceforth *victory depends on you ; it is necessary to us ; it will give us plenty, good quarters for the winter, and a speedy return to your country.* Behave yourselves as you did at Austerlitz, at Friedland, at Witepsk, at Smolensk.’

According to the Bulletin, the address was answered with reiterated acclamations !

²³ Military observers were of opinion, that the battles of Austerlitz and Preuss Eylau were mere children's play, in comparison with the battle of Borodino !—“ Borodino was a battle on

Russia! the muse disdains thy loss to weep,
 Great though confess'd, and sad; since sweetly sleep
 Thy bleeding sons, who press their native earth,—
 Slain for the land that gave their fathers birth!

points," says an account of it attributed to Sir Robert Wilson; whereas "Eylau was a parade battle, general throughout the line, and covering every man in the field with its iron canopy."

Officers of the enemy, who were taken by the Russians, stated that the Grand Army was in the greatest disorder; and that it was entirely owing to the superior talents of Marshal Ney (styled then Duke of Elchingen, but hence Prince of Moskwa,) that the army was rallied after the contest. Marshal Ney is said, by the Eighteenth Bulletin, to have "covered himself with glory; and displayed as much intrepidity as coolness." Habituated as they were supposed to be to victory, Napoleon's veteran bands were on this occasion compelled to salute him conqueror upwards of two miles in the rear of the field of battle!

This whole scene may remind the reader of an anecdote related in one of the notes to Sir R. Wilson's Sketch of the Campaigns in Poland.

Buonaparte, observes Sir Robert, speaking of the battles of Asperne and Eylau, has had painted a picture of both; and they are lodged in the imperial library, with the inscription—'Gained by the Great Napoleon.'— —Would to God, that he was only to win such battles in future! The French Generals said 'It was *not* even a *battle*—but a *massacre*.' And Buonaparte's Mamalukes declared, that 'There never were such headstrong people as the Russians,—there was no moving them, without knocking them down like beasts; but that they then gave such strong *contre-coups* even with their heels, as well as horns.'

Mid honour's field, in glory's arms, they fell ;
And humbled foes their sacred triumph swell.

Not such their meed, yok'd to Ambition's car,
Their native dwellings left, who wander far,
Turning to sympathy the' obdurate ear,
Waste in their front, and famine in their rear ;
Plunder their recompense, their sole applause
Vindictive champions in aggression's cause ;
Doom'd the vile instruments of strife unblest,
Peace to their lives denied, their manes rest !
This their foul doom, whom bulletins would place
Amongst the heroes of the human race.
Degenerate branch, from an illustrious stock,
Whose deeds had claim'd the expiating block,
Such, Caulaincourt ! thy end : though venal fame
Eclipse thy vices, and thy worth proclaim²⁴ ;

²⁴ Caulaincourt, (Duke of Vicenza, and Bonaparte's Grand Master of the Horse,) was descended from an ancient and noble Family in France, though he signalized himself by the seizure of the truly illustrious, but devoted Duke d'Enghein, whom he conducted to be murdered in the wood of Vincennes !— — — Being sent to occupy the place of the General of Division Monthbrun, killed by a cannon-ball, on the forenoon of the 7th, "Count Caulaincourt, governor of the Emperor's pages," says the Eighteenth Bulletin, "advanced at the head of the 5th regiment

' Death to be envied,' though Napoleon said,
 When judgment stretch'd thee on thy 'gory bed!
 ' Death to be envied!'—Then, th' Oppressor's might
 Credits his plea, and constitutes his right.
 ' Death to be envied!'—Then, whate'er men deem
 Lovely, or noble, is but empty dream;
 Sages have taught the truth-inspiring strain,
 And statesmen toil'd, and patriots bled, in vain!

of Cuirassiers, overthrew every thing, and entered the redoubt, on the left, by its gorge. He turned upon the enemy the twenty-one pieces of cannon which were found in the redoubt. Count Caulaincourt," subjoins the bulletinist, " who had distinguished himself in this fine charge, has terminated his career. He fell dead, struck by a bullet—a glorious death, and worthy to be envied." Notwithstanding the enormities which characterised his life, and which merited a far different close, such was the eulogium, that, worthy of himself, Napoleon Buonaparte thought it expedient to confer on one of his most flagitious instruments!

RUSSIA;

OR,

THE CRISIS OF EUROPE.

PART II.

Lo! yet, the Ruler of vain-glorious France,
Moscow's predicted Conqueror¹, advance!

¹ The Governor of Moscow incurred the abuse of the French, for executing one of Napoleon's school of prophets! The following are the published facts.—“Count Rastopchin,” says a letter dated Moscow, July the 17th, 1812, “has given notice of the Police having, at length, discovered the author and publisher of the *seditions pamphlet*, stating that the *Emperor Napoleon promised to be in possession of the Russian Capital before the expiration of six months!* The parties concerned are a merchant, named Verstraguire, and Marchroff, Secretary to the Government!! They are arrested, in order to be tried.”

“A wretched man, named WERTIGEN,” says a Letter from Paris, October 13th, 1812, “had been imprisoned six months, for having written—that, *within six months, the Emperor of the French would be in Moscow.* Upon the first news of the arrival of the French, the Governor-General (Count Rastopchin) brought forth this prisoner, and, without any judicial form, had him

‘ Fate drags them on’, the legions of the foe,
 The ills they threaten’d, in their turn, to know,
 Them though nor griefs portend, nor cares annoy ;
 Heaven still infatuates those it would destroy !

Discretion proves the hero’s highest part,
 Rash without wisdom valour’s glowing heart ;
 Well-judging chief, hence Kutusoff retires,
 Though, flush’d with pride, Napoleon more aspires.
 Discretion shunn’d the fight, else madly brav’d,
 Moscow abandon’d—but an Empire sav’d !
 Nor did Napoleon, on this victor day,
 Resistless seize his long-expected prey.
 Gone were the city’s chosen sons² ; their care
 Beyond invasion’s deadly grasp to bear

executed !—‘ Thou hast announced,’ said he, ‘ that the Emperor of the French would come to Moscow : if he comes, you will not see him.’ Rastopchin even sent for the father of this victim, to be a witness of his punishment. Fortunately, however, he had fled.”

² “ I could not wish another battle,” reports Prince Kutusoff, detailing his situation after that of Borodino ; “ the issue of which would not only have been destructive to the army, but would have reduced Moscow to ashes. I was,” adds the Prince, “ compelled to let the enemy enter Moscow, out of which all the

All that precaution urges to remove,—
 Whate'er they value, and whate'er they love!
 Even those by sad necessity constrain'd
 Within its walls, rabble though deem'd, disdain'd
 Tamely their cause to yield; fought the 'canaille,'
 Whom warriors, now, and batteries assail³!—

valuables, the stores in the arsenals, and almost all other property, imperial and private, were previously conveyed; and scarcely a single individual remained in the town."

"Moscow," says the Account of the Retreat of the French, "had ceased to be the capital of the empire; its inhabitants were reduced to a few thousands, the rest had emigrated; little else came into the hands of the enemy, than a deserted mass of building." Even the Twenty-sixth Bulletin complains of the melancholy circumstance of a population of two hundred thousand (Russian Poor!) wandering in the circumjacent woods, dying with hunger, or coming to the ruins of the city in search of what remained, such as vegetables in the gardens, for the support of life!

³ After stating that he entered Moscow at mid-day, September the 14th, 1812, *Napoleon admits that his "advanced guard, arrived in the centre of the city, was received by a fire of musquetry which issued from the Kremlin," though "the commandant of the Russian rear-guard requested to be allowed to defile in the city without firing."* Fortunately, however, it was merely "the canaille, armed by the governor, (Rastopchin!) who made this resistance!" They, of course, "were immediately dispersed" by Murat (King of Naples), who "ordered a battery of a few pieces of cannon to be opened, and took possession of the Kremlin:"

Thus strove e'en rabble, till, with sore amaze,
 One sea of flame they saw their city blaze;
 Amaz'd, yet not desponding—no base fear
 Those entertain who hold their country dear.
 Here not the man forgot, whose native mind,
 Foreseen its doom, timely to fire consign'd.
 The mansion of his fathers, pure from those
 He rightly judg'd alone its direst foes.
 Worthy of imitation,—Rastopchin!
 Thine was a noble act, a patriot sin,

but we are not told, that "this rabble," "the *canaille* of Moscow," cost the *Grand Army* somewhat about 80,000 men; and that numbers of the French were afterwards continually found, in the streets, dead or dying.

* COUNT VON FIDOR RASTOPCHIN, so gloriously stigmatized by the Bulletins of the soi-disant Grand Army, is descended from an ancient Russian family. At the age of twenty-one, he was a lieutenant in the Imperial Guard: and, in 1778–1779, he made a journey to Berlin. The then Russian Envoy at the Prussian court, Count S. Romanzoff, liked young Rastopchin on account of his vivacity and wit. He spoke French and German well. Under the emperorship of Paul, his advancement was both rapid and brilliant. He was decorated with the Grand Order of Russia, and made a Count, together with his father: yet they afterwards experienced disgrace with the court, and were ordered to retire to their estates, upon which they lived as simple cultivators. Alexander, however, received Rastopchin again into favour, who, at length, became Governor of Moscow.

Blam'd but by traitors; and which every state,
 Expos'd like thine, must dare to emulate;
 Dishonour'd only—should one idle tear
 Lament the deed that ages will revere.

While peals of death, and fiendlike yells astound,
 And volum'd flames the capital surround;
 While, with the cities of the ancient world,
 Moscow, not least, is to destruction hurl'd,
 Paus'd not her foes?—touch'd with some kindly thought,
 Remorseful, o'er the ruin they had wrought!
 No generous sympathies her foes assuage,
 Kindling with selfish joy⁵, or selfish rage;

Notwithstanding the fulminations of the bulletinist, Count Rastopchin had nothing more to do with the *Burning of Moscow* than setting fire to his paternal residence, by way of example, which, using his own words, he had “for eight years embellished,” and in which he had “lived happily in the bosom of his family;” a noble act, since, said the Count, in a notice to the enemy, affixed to one of the posts of his palace, “I set fire to my house that it may not be polluted by your presence!”

It was not till after the firing of Moscow, that General Rastopchin set fire to his Palace. The scene, the act itself, and the manner in which it was performed, are said to have been most grand and imposing.

⁵ Whilst “the temperature” is described to be “still that of Autumn,”—that, though it had “rained a little,” and there

‘ Moscow no more⁶!’—exulting in its flames!—

‘ Moscow no more!’ the infuriate host proclaims.

had been “some white frosts,” *they had a “warmer sun than was experienced at Paris”* during the same season of the year, “THE ARMY,” OF COURSE, WAS “RECOVERING FROM ITS FATIGUES;” having (notwithstanding that “the resources which the army would have found”—but for the fire!—were “consequently much diminished,”) still “*abundance of bread, potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables, with meat, salted provisions, and wine and brandy, and sugar and coffee, and, in short, provisions of all sorts.*” Happy army!— — —“THE FRENCH SOLDIER,” said a letter dated from Hamburg, just about this time, “ONLY REQUIRES A MOMENT’S REPOSE and enjoyment, in order to forget all his pains and privations.” Doubtless, however, “*the inhabitants of Moscow were filled with astonishment at seeing these men transported, as if by enchantment, into the midst of them,—not thinking of the past, but*” (our correspondent facetiously adds!) “*gaily enjoying the present!*” This certainly must have been an astonishing exhibition to the 200,000 famished Russians who wandered amongst the ruins of their city, for “vegetables in the gardens to support life!”

6 “The city of Moscow is as large as Paris; it is an extremely rich city, full of palaces of all the nobles in the empire.” “Moscow is the *entrepôt* of Asia and of Europe. Its warehouses were immense.” *Such Moscow was!*

What is Moscow now?—Moscow, once “one of the finest and richest cities in the world, is,” continue the Bulletins of the then Grand Army, now “no more!” “The fire spread with a prodigious rapidity; it was an ocean of flame! Churches, of

Thus Russia's foes: while mourn'd her sons, oppress'd
With manly sorrow—poignant, unexpress'd!

which there were 1600; above 1000 palaces, immense magazines, nearly all have fallen a prey to the flames." "Among other palaces, that beautiful one of Catherine, which had been newly furnished." "There has not been saved of the town but one-tenth part; nine-tenths exist no more." Since then, the Imperial Palace of the Kremlin was blown up! "Manufactures, which were beginning to flourish at Moscow, are destroyed." Moscow—now no more! Moscow—which the labours of an age can scarcely hope to repair.

Memorable conflagration! which was designed to "throw Russia one hundred years back;" and "by which, in four days, they annihilated the fruits of the labours and cares of four generations!"—

*Napoleon's Speech to his Legislative Body, on Sunday the
14th of February, 1813.*

"You proceeded systematically in the destruction of that capital; fixing the particular days, and marking out the quarters which were to be set on fire at fixed periods. I have had an exact account of the whole—it has been followed with precision; and one proof that they were not its inhabitants who ruined Moscow, is, that you destroyed with cannon shot such houses and edifices as were built with too much solidity, hurling balls against them amidst the flames."

Kutusoff's conference with Lauriston, October 5th, 1812.

The twenty-sixth Bulletin indirectly corroborates this statement of Prince Kutusoff; when it acknowledges that "of 4000 stone houses, which were in Moscow, not more than 200 remain."

As round the flaming capital they past
 Solemnly mute⁷, while, anguish'd, thither cast
 The patriot's fondest look, deeply they sigh'd
 Moscow in ashes,—fallen their earliest pride!

Though the buildings of this ancient capital consisted chiefly of small wooden houses, there were *whole streets of stone and brick palaces roofed with iron*; and of which the walls were so prodigiously thick, that the conflagration could by no possibility spread through them. *Such buildings must have been battered down!*

Every emigrant from Moscow confirmed the relation given by the others, who, after that capital was taken by the enemy, fled from it; viz. that they *incessantly continued to plunder the city, and that their rage exceeded all conception!*⁷

⁷ "I must confess," declares Prince Kutusoff Smolensko, addressing the Emperor Alexander, "that *the abandonment of the capital is very hard!*"—So he must have felt it. But "by this *voluntary sacrifice* a sure token was given of the resolute nature of the contest; and a pledge of the undaunted persevering spirit of the nation, and its Emperor."

Yet the grief of the Russians was great at this loss.—"During the 15th, 16th, and 17th, the Russian army made the half tour of Moscow," and by a flank movement boldly took up a position at Letaschowka, between Kaluga and Moscow, to protect the southern provinces. "The wind," say the French, "carried thither clouds of flame and smoke. This march was sombre and religious; consternation filled their souls. *Officers and soldiers were so penetrated, that the most profound silence reigned throughout the army, as during prayers!*"

Twenty-sixth Bulletin.

Inly the stoutest wept; though scorn'd to show
 One recreant symptom of despairful woe.
 High for their country still their bosoms beat,
 Prepar'd to die, unwilling to retreat.

Where refug'd him, with his dark will conform,
 Whose thousands urg'd the desolating storm?
 Where was Napoleon, then?—misnomer'd great;
 Heaven's latter scourge, and thunderbolt of fate!
 Napoleon—where? Not foremost in their ranks,
 Who 'play at beat of drum their martial pranks';
 Nor in the city seen, though thence were sped
 All that had struck invasion's soul with dread,
 And recommended caution: from a rout
 Of unarm'd peasants, and amidst the shout
 Of followers, lo! the Kremlin^s now must fend
 Him on whose safety dynasties depend!

* "*The Emperor is lodged in the Kremlin; which is in the centre of the city, like a kind of citadel, surrounded by high walls.*"

Nineteenth Bulletin; Moscow, Sept. 16th.

"*The Emperor is lodged in the Imperial Palace of the Kremlin.*"

Twenty-second Bulletin, Sept. 27th.

"We have just armed the Kremlin with eighty pieces of cannon, and constructed chevaux-de-frize at all the entrances of it."

Twenty-third Bulletin; Oct. 9.

Napoleon seeks seclusion ; since his breast
 Unwonted fears, and boding cares infest.
 He dreads the armies in his cause array'd,
 Doubts his own skill, is of himself afraid ;
 Would peace prefer⁹, who sought ' the tented field,'
 Fierce to attack, insidious too—to yield.

Moscow was divided into four circles, one within another. Of these, the interior circle only, or *Kremlin*, which signifies a fortress, contained the following remarkable buildings :—the old Imperial Palace, its pleasure-houses and stables ; a victualing-house ; the palace which formerly belonged to the patriarch ; nine cathedrals, five convents, four parish churches ; the arsenal, with the colleges, and other public offices. Amongst the churches of the Kremlin, all the spires whereof were either gilt or covered with silver, stood the cathedral of Sobor, which possessed a silver branch with forty-eight lights, said to weigh two thousand eight hundred pounds : here were deposited, in silver shrines, the remains of three archbishops. St. Michael's church, also within the Kremlin, contained the remains of the Sovereigns of Russia, and of their male descendants ; whilst those of their consorts, and the princesses, were interred in the convent of Tschndow. This circle of the ancient capital was three hundred fathoms in diameter, and surrounded with very high and thick walls ; flanked with six towers, planted with cannon, and also defended by deep moats and ramparts.

⁹ Upon " his entrance into Moscow," observes the Government of Russia, " the haughty Conqueror imagined that he would become the arbiter of the whole Russian Empire, when he might prescribe to it such a peace as he should think proper." Almost

Gaul's hero yet shall his new era meet ;

Presumptive—prais'd, applauded in defeat !

immediately after this event, therefore, Napoleon dispatched a pacific message to the Emperor Alexander.—‘ There was nothing,’ he said, ‘ that he wished for more than the renewal of their friendship ; that, had Alexander so requested him, he would not have entered Moscow ; that he was even now ready to quit the spot, if such should be the desire of a sovereign whom he was anxious to oblige ; that, in short, if Alexander desired peace, he had only to propose it.’ But the Emperor of Russia was not to be so easily lured.

Nor did Napoleon's negotiations end here. Affecting to believe that his presence in Moscow formed the principal obstacle to his pacific overtures, he, at length, magnanimously offered, upon condition of an armistice, to quit the ancient capital, now almost destroyed, and to retire to Wiasma, where negotiations might be resumed and continued. Lauriston, who was the bearer of these terms, was received by Prince Kutusoff, October the 5th, 1812, in the midst of his Generals.

Lauriston opened the conference, by saying—That he had been sent to demand an armistice ; and to beg the Prince to transmit to his Majesty a letter from Bonaparte, which would contain proposals for peace, in order to cause the cessation of that horrible effusion of blood which had been shed with so much desperation and barbarity.

Prince Kutusoff replied, that he was not authorised to receive any proposals, either for peace or armistice ; and that, unquestionably, he would not receive any letter addressed to his Majesty ; that, besides, it was his duty to declare that the Russian Army was in possession of too many advantages to throw them away by an armistice of which it had no need.

Impatient grown his legions, who demand
Their destin'd quarters in the promis'd land;

Lauriston observed—that the war must one day come to a termination; for it could not last for ever, especially in the barbarous manner in which it was conducted.

Prince Kutusoff answered—that barbarism had been introduced into hostilities by the French revolutionists, and followed up to the greatest extent by Bonaparte himself! It was true, indeed, the war could not be eternal, but peace could never be talked of till the French were beyond the Vistula.— — — Russia had not provoked the war; since the Emperor, by falling with all his forces on the magazines and troops in Poland, might have annihilated all the preparations of Bonaparte, on the other side of the Vistula, before he was in readiness to commence it: that Bonaparte had entered Russia without a Declaration of War, and devastated a great part of the empire; that he had nothing to do but to get out of Moscow how he could, seeing he came thither without being invited: that when he proclaimed the campaign terminated, at Moscow, the Russians viewed only as commencing,—if he did not know this already, he would soon be taught it by experience.

Lauriston.—‘ Since, then, there is no hope of peace, it will doubtless be necessary to march; but, in departing, it will again be necessary to shed the blood of men who are always brave, since your armies are marching on all sides.’

‘ I repeat to you,’ rejoined Prince Kutusoff, ‘ that you, of course, will adopt such measures as you can in order to get off, and we—to prevent you. For the rest, the time will come, perhaps, when we may arrange matters for your departure, should that be the only subject of discussion.’

His arms successful, and each overture
 For truce denied,—Moscow he finds¹⁰ impure
 Become¹⁰, stagnant its waters, whose foul stink
 Renders the city one unhealthy sink.—
 Hence must Napoleon march; already min'd
 Kremlin's imperial dome¹¹, to overthrow consign'd!

¹⁰ “*Moscow*,” declare the French, on the 23d of October, “*is a truly unhealthy and impure sink!*” There are three rivers, which partly surround and flow through the city of Moscow; and the fogs and exhalations from them, just previously to the falling of the snow, are extremely injurious to the health even of the inhabitants seasoned to the climate. In these *destructive miasmata*, the Russians (remarked a native of Moscow,) will probably have an efficient ally; and we may confidently expect, that thousands of Bonaparte's southern troops will thus be sacrificed to the pestilential rigours of a Russian climate. It is towards the end of October that the snow begins to fall.

¹¹ Moscow, considered “an object of no military importance,” had “now become,” its enemies own, “of no political importance.” Napoleon, finally, ordered the Kremlin itself to be mined; soon after which, about two o'clock, on the 23d of October, Marshal Bessieres (Duke of Istria) caused it to be blown up.—“This ancient citadel, which takes its date from the foundation of the monarchy; this first Palace of the Czars,” adds the foe, “has been destroyed!”

“Having met on the field of battle with signal defeats, and seeing himself driven out of Moscow, he gives himself up,” says the Northern Star, of November the 7th, “to the fulness of his fury, and vents it in a last effort, by blowing up the Kremlin, and the places of divine worship there. Such has the

Russia the foe o'ertakes.—How sunk his rear,
Pursued by victors, and o'erwhelm'd with fear!

head and leader of our foes shewn himself to be!—But have the executors of his will and his slaves, and the slaves of their own passions, shown themselves less ferocious than himself? — — — Moscow alone will, present us with a lamentable picture of the most unheard-of enormities. The enemy entered it without the smallest opposition on the part of our forces, as well as without resistance on that of its inhabitants. Hardly had he entered it, however, when his furious soldiers, officers, and even generals, ran pillaging about the houses, breaking, bruising, cutting in pieces, and scattering, (like madmen !) in all directions, every thing that they could not carry away; looking-glasses, crystals, porcelain, paintings, furniture, earthenware, &c. ; wines, which they could neither drink nor take with them, they let into the streets; books they rent, tore, and threw about. When they had collected together a heap of things, they would then, for their sport, set the load on some old and maimed man, whom they caught in the streets, and force him to carry it to their station; and, when he has sunk under the burden, they have been known to cut him down with their naked swords! — — — In many places, numbers of women were laying violated—mutilated—dead !” Adhering to the spirit of their regicide parents, who, as Burke strongly said, in the first stage of their horrible explosion, actually did ‘unplumb the dead for bullets to assassinate the living,’ we find that now also “the tombs and coffins were broken open for the sake of plundering the bodies of the deceased !”

“Although,” remarks this writer, “there certainly may be some monsters in every well-ordered nation, yet when *every individual of whole armies is a monster—robber—incendiary—mur-*

And just his fear, whose every step recalls
 The unseen Hand, that, on thy fateful walls,
 O Kremlin! while Napoleon mus'd, had trac'd,
 In characters not easily effac'd
 From memory's tablet, his usurping line—
 Its zenith past, and verging on decline!
 What time his giant spirit, unsubdu'd,
 Proudly revolv'd, mid regal solitude,

derer—violater of women—insulter and defiler of the sanctuary itself—it is impossible that morality should exist in such a nation!"

The weather threatening to become rainy, and snow falling on the 13th of October, Napoleon decamped from the Kremlin on the 19th. *Here he had kept himself carefully shut up, for the space of five weeks; this citadel being armed and fortified on one side, and, at the same time, mined for the purpose of blowing it up!*

"The infantry" having now "refreshed themselves at Moscow"—thoughtless of the past, and not too anxious about the future,—"the army received orders to bake biscuit for twenty days," says their 25th Bulletin; "and to hold itself in readiness to march," from the identical city (now become an "unhealthy and impure sink!") in which it was to have found "plenty, and good quarters for the winter:" but, said Napoleon, addressing his soldiers once more,—'I will lead you into winter-quarters. Should the Russians meet me on my way, I will defeat them: should they not, so much the better for them.'—N. B. NAPOLEON ABANDONED ONLY 15,000 OF HIS SICK AND WOUNDED to the clemency of a people whom he had described as no better than semi-barbarians, and whose utmost resentment he had provoked!

Eyeing the trophied spoils¹² of ancient state,
 His wonted fortune, with success elate,—
 Well might he fear, who read, e'en in that hour,
 The 'withering sentence of supernal pow'r!
 Well might he fear, though Gallia's lordly head;
 His course arrested, and his Genius fled.
 Well may he fear: for, rising in his might,
 ' Shall not the' avenging ' Judge of all the Earth do right?'

Compell'd his conquering march to retrograde,
 Scarce his retreat Napoleon had essay'd,
 Ere, by his foemen met, his alter'd state
 He learn'd; some foretaste of the toils that wait
 Invasion's flight,—where loyal glows the land,
 And patriot zeal still nerves the patriot hand¹³.

¹² " We have found, in the Kremlin, several of the ornaments used at the Coronation of the Emperors; and all the Flags taken from the Turks for the last hundred years."

Twenty-second Bulletin.

" The colours taken by the Russians, from the Turks, in different wars, and several curious things found in the Kremlin, have been sent off to Paris. We found a Madona, enriched with diamonds: it has also been sent to Paris."

Twenty-third Bulletin.

¹³ Precisely on the day of Napoleon's decampment from Moscow, October the 18th, 1812, the King of Naples (Murat) was at-

One solitary chance awhile sustains
 Napoleon's hope. Kaluga's route remains,
 Smolensko nearing; haply where abound
 Means of subsistence, elsewhere barren found.

tacked at Tarutina, eighty wersts distance, and speedily obliged to flee! — — — Twenty-six pieces of cannon, a quantity of baggage, together with 2000 prisoners, fell into the hands of the Russians; and Murat himself but narrowly escaped.

The twenty-sixth Bulletin of the Grand Army, minutely detailing this ominous occurrence, accuses their assailants with "having violated the truce concluded between the advanced guard," though, considering the result of the conference that had taken place between Lauriston and Prince Kutusoff, there seems reason to doubt whether any thing like truce had been established between them. About seven o'clock in the morning, the French say, "a horde of Cossacks," 4000, "attacked the light cavalry of General Sebastiani, "at a time when they were on foot, at the distribution of meal, took a park of 12 pieces of cannon, and 20 caissons, with baggage waggons, in number 30, in all 65 waggons." Two columns of the Russian infantry, and their cavalry, advancing, Murat, who had, at length, "mounted on horseback," now marched; and, according to the Bulletin, "penetrated the Russian line of cavalry in ten or twelve different charges," &c. &c. After thus having "proved what presence of mind, valour, and a knowledge of war can effect," still, it seems, the King of Naples was glad to escape from his old acquaintances the Cossacks! He had recently complained of their feats, and felt no particular affection for them.

Thither Napoleon speeds : but speeds to meet
 The princely warrior,—knowing to defeat.
 Whate'er of stratagem his foes devise ;
 And, with the snares they form, themselves surprise.
 Noteless as yet the spot, and strange of name,
 Where Russia thus invasion's hope o'ercame ;
 Maloyaroslavitz¹¹,—henceforth renown'd
 For battle ably plan'd, and nobly crown'd.

¹¹ Maloyaroslavitz, or Malojaroslawez, or Maloyaroskavitz, itself a little town, will be commemorated for a conflict in which it was taken and retaken eight different times: the result of which completely frustrated Napoleon's design to force himself into the most fruitful provinces of Russia, and compelled him to take the main road to Smolensko, having ordered his army to follow him in the same direction. It was thus that "this memorable day, so glorious to the Russian arms, put an end to all Napoleon's stratagems, and frustrated his plans. He had now no choice left but that of following the high road; or, in other and fitter words, of crossing the desert—which his own army had prepared for him."

Although the French claimed the victory, of course, in the engagement at Maloyaroslavitz, they admitted a loss of 1500 men, including one General of Division killed, and another wounded; whilst it is also evident that their plan of marching on the 24th, for the Dwina, was delayed till the 27th of October. On the 26th of this month, then, the French retreated over the Borowsk and Vereja, towards Mojaisk; twenty regiments of Cossacks, under Attaman Platow, and two corps d'armée, as

Nor truce the invaders know, though hope bereft,
 Platow their right attacks¹⁵, what time their left

vanguard, under General Miloradowitch, following closely upon them. The main body of the Russian army, meantime, took a direction to the left of the great road, where provisions and forage were abundant; and by which Napoleon had flattered his troops with their easily retiring into winter quarters.

Maloyaroslavitz is upwards of fifty German miles distant from Smolensko, where the nearest magazines in possession of the French were stationed: to perform this journey with a scarcity both of bread and forage, amidst the unremitting pursuit of the enemy, was the task which the French had now to accomplish. Harassing as these evils were, his followers had to impute them, almost entirely, to the *fatuity of Napoleon*; "who, in this instance, by a most extraordinary kind of self-delusion, had foreseen nothing—had omitted every precaution which is due from the General to his soldiers; so that he himself may be said to have led his own army to destruction!"—Strange conduct in this "*Father of Soldiers*," when (observed his own Bulletin) every thing indicated that he must think of winter-quarters, and when his cavalry particularly required them! Others of his army still supposed (puzzled enough to suppose any thing!) that, Moscow being "ruined for 100 years," the Emperor Napoleon would "approach within an hundred leagues of Poland, to establish his winter-quarters in a friendly country, and near to receive every thing which existed in the magazines of Dantzic, Kowno, Wilna, and Minsk."

"I shall follow the enemy," writes Attaman Platow, in a Report dated October the 31st, "and make him suffer dreadfully. — — — The enemy (he adds) retreated in such haste, that he

Milarodowitch flanks ; on all sides press

Russia's resenting sons ; while gaunt distress

burned all his heavy baggage and powder waggons ; and, during the night, he even marched his artillery by the light of lanterns." "The enemy's army," he elsewhere adds, "does not *retire*, but *flies*, on all sides, and in such haste as hath never before been witnessed : it marches day and night ; leaving all its sick and wounded, and its baggage. The roads are every where covered with his dead and dying men."

Platow has not been neutralised !—When the French Generals sent to request leave to present their compliments to the Attaman, in person, at Tilsit, in 1807, he answered—"There might be peace between his Sovereign and Bonaparte, but no civilities between him and them." He then ordered his centries to admit no French whatsoever in their circle.

It was natural for such a patriot to "follow the enemy," who had unjustly invaded Russia ; and, when he came up with him, to "make him suffer dreadfully !" He did so.—"The enemy," reports Prince Kutusoff, "has several times attempted to make a stand ; but the Don Cossacks, and the artillery, have obliged him to take to flight again. He has not a moment's rest : the Cossacks disturb and plague him, to the very letter, night and day." Nevertheless, these are the troops whom the twenty-ninth Bulletin describes as "contemptible cavalry, which only makes noise," though they had "rendered themselves formidable by favour of certain circumstances." Although the French would have it appear that "the Cossacks, like the Arabs," while they "pour upon the flanks," only "fly about to annoy," still they "surrounded all the columns, and carried off the trains and carriages which separated." They "rendered themselves formidable" then.

The foe corroding, urges more his flight,
 Exhaust by day, unrested e'en by night.
 Small rest the' imperial fugitive can find,
 Fatigued in body, as perplex'd in mind;
 Smolensko now no shelter may supply,
 Smolensko reach'd¹⁶, Napoleon still must fly.

Scourg'd not by man alone,—himself man's foe!—
 Severer doom Napoleon hastes to know.

¹⁶ "From Moscow to Smolensko," declared General Winzengerode, "I travelled a prisoner; and I firmly believe, that not less than 60,000 dead bodies were lying on the road." The Grand Army, indeed, upon reaching Smolensko, November the 9th, had already lost 400 pieces of cannon; and its force, which on leaving Moscow was upwards of 100,000 men, had, at Smolensko, hardly 60,000 men left, of which number scarcely half were under arms. The twenty-eighth Bulletin itself observes—"We have lost many men by cold and fatigue; night bivouacking is very injurious to them."

Though the French remained only two days in Smolensko, they furnished one scene of confusion and plunder and conflagration. The magazines were of no essential resource; since the share that was distributed to each man as a supply for several days, was at once devoured, although the rations were not given in bread, but in meal! Many thousands went away wholly unrelieved,—each, in the general struggle, being obliged to obtain by force the portion that was allotted to him.

Heaven interferes, with more than mortal force,
 His pride to punish, and obstruct his course ;
 Opes on his head its long-collected storms,
 Prospects, once fair, to hideous views transforms¹⁷;

¹⁷ Most lamentably do the French complain of "that frightful calamity which had thus overtaken" them! "Cavalry, artillery, and baggage horses, perished," they own, "every night;" and this, "not only by hundreds, but by thousands. In a few days more than 30,000 horses perished!" November 14, the Grand Army was "almost without cavalry, without artillery, without transports." Only from the 6th to the 11th of that month, they confess that they had "lost more than 3000 carriage-horses; and that nearly one hundred caissons were destroyed."——Another instance of Napoleon's fatuity! Such was the unthinkingness displayed in the first part of his retreat, that their horses had not been rough-shod at Moscow, which they should have been, to secure them in case of frost; so that, being afterwards speedily reduced in point of strength, they became unequal to the exertion of drawing upon slippery ground. Twelve or fourteen of those miserable animals were, therefore, harnessed to a single cannon; and yet the smallest rise of ground proved an almost insurmountable obstacle.

Smolensko, November 11, 1812.—"The *weather was very fine up to the 6th, BUT ON THE 7TH WINTER BEGAN.* The ground is covered with snow." "The cold," says another letter, from Molodetscho, dated December the third, "*BEGAN ON THE 7TH ULT.; from that night we every moment lost several hundred horses, and numbers of men died, &c.* The enemies (Russians) had," the Journal de Paris says, "the elements for their auxiliaries."

Whate'er presumption, glorying in his might,
 Yet promis'd, frustrate in one changeul night;
 Fair shone the setting day,—the morning rose
 One wintry scene of life-congealing snows!

"My army has sustained losses, but they arose from the premature severity of the season."

Napoleon, to his Senate, on the 20th of December.

"Platoff scarcely presented himself before my corps. If he has made some prisoners, he may have picked up some single stragglers, who, to avoid the extremity of the cold, had sneaked into the villages."—

Eugene Napoleon (Beauharnois.)

Suddenly the cold, which was but six, advanced to twenty degrees, and even for a moment to twenty-five: all our horses, and our train of artillery, perished."—

Prince of Eckmuhl (Davoust.)

"There is nothing true in what they (Russian Gazettés) say, excepting the loss of my artillery; and it was not in human power to bring it away, in the midst of frosts and over the ice. All my horses have fallen under the fatal mortality occasioned by the rigour of the cold. When our draught-horses fell dead with the cold, we were obliged to break our artillery, and leave it behind us."—

Duke of Elchingen, (Ney,) now Prince of Moskwa.

Speaking of his late campaign in Russia, Napoleon, in his Speech to the Legislative Body, says—"The excessive and premature rigour of the winter brought down a heavy calamity upon my army. In a few nights, I saw every thing change; I experienced great losses. They would have broken my heart, if, in these

From that sad night, when ceas'd Napoleon's charm,
 Chill'd was his heart, and palsied was his arm!
 From that sad night, vex'd was his tortur'd brain
 With premonitions—now recall'd in vain;
 Yes, from that night, he, trembling, recognis'd
 Forewarn'd inflictions—not to be despis'd!

Nor long suspended Heaven's consuming ire,
 Fulfill'd by frost, by famine, and by fire.
 E'en Krasnoy's conflicts—sudden, unforeseen—
 Embitter more the invader's bitter scene;
 Whence though Napoleon fled, intrepid Ney,
 Davoust o'ercome, vainly his onward way
 Resolv'd to force,—reduc'd, anon, to yield,
 And 'scape, himself a fugitive, the field!¹⁸—

great circumstances, I could have been accessible to any other sentiments than those of the interest, the glory, and the future prosperity of my people.”

¹⁸ The march of the Russian army from Jelna, beyond Smolensko, directly to Krasnoy, was unknown to Napoleon and his Generals; so that even Ney, when he reached Krasnoy, November 18, directly after the defeat of Davoust, and the capture of his staff, imagined that the Russian force consisted only of detached parties. Napoleon himself, indeed, had been “an eye-witness” of the previous battle; but, without waiting its issue, had fled, with his suite, and abandoned the Corps of Davoust.

Skill, courage shewn, if shewn in virtue's cause,
Entitled much to honour's just applause.

About midnight, on the 18th, the whole corps d'armee of Marshal Ney, 12,000 men, were obliged to lay down their arms; their commander, after being wounded, only saving himself by a retrograde movement over the Dnieper. This corps had twenty-seven pieces of cannon, but not a single mounted man. The booty gained by this victory, however, was immense; a very great part of what had remained unconsumed in the conflagration of Moscow, and was afterwards plundered by the French, now returned into the hands of the Russians. Napoleon was thought to have sacrificed Davoust's and Ney's corps, separately, in order to gain time for his own escape!!

Other calamities had already augmented the enemy's sufferings. "Many hundreds were every night frozen to death, and an equal number died of complete exhaustion by day; a line of dead bodies marked the road which the army was pursuing. Whole detachments threw down their arms together; the soldier cared no longer for the officer, nor the officer for the soldier; each was so completely engaged with his own wants and miseries, that he disregarded those of others." According to an estimate of the late Lord Tyrconnel, from the instant that the French quitted Smolensko, the average number of human beings found daily frozen to death, on the road, was 1500.

The general result of this period of the Retreat of the French consists in the loss of 40,000 prisoners, amongst whom were 27 Generals; of 500 pieces of cannon, 31 Standards, and an immense booty. Their *La Grande Armée* was reduced to about *thirty thousand men*, of which scarcely *ten thousand were capable*

Reverts their hero, midst the dire career,
 Dropp'd for his victim's one regretful tear?
 No leisure he for others' woes to weep,
 Himself denied repast, repose, or sleep.
 Napoleon's speed, befriended by disguise,
 Eludes detection, and pursuit defies;
 Chief if advancing, in retreating chief,
 The conqueror's flight almost transcends belief¹⁹.

of bearing arms; and twenty-five pieces of cannon alone remained of the whole artillery; and as to the cavalry, it had long ceased to exist.

"Sir Robert Wilson describes the march, on the main road, as one which exhibited scenes of destruction without example in modern war,—from the number of dead and dying men, and carcases of horses—many of them cut up for food; peasants' houses every where on fire, ammunition carriages blowing up, and quantities of wreck of every description."

Lord Cathcart.

"Bonaparte travelled in a coach, (that is, retreated in one) accompanied by Murat, King of Naples, and by Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel !!!—

Lord Cathcart.

His own Bulletins indirectly acknowledge as much.—"THE EMPEROR," says the Eighteenth, "WAS NEVER EXPOSED!" "In all these movements," observes his Twenty-ninth, "the Emperor has been continually marching in the midst of his guards."— "His Majesty," subjoins this bulletin, "has been well satisfied

Sav'd by the 'sacred squadron' that remain'd,
 Napoleon thus the Berezina gain'd;
 Yet paus'd not here, nor lost one moment's time
 Russia's stern host to clear, and 'frightful clime'²⁰.

with the fine spirit shewn by his Guards." Napoleon constantly marched on with the main body of his Guards, which alone presented any appearance of military dignity.

"His Guards," says Lord Cathcart, in the Dispatch of November 11, "and some select corps, have been nursed with peculiar care, and kept as much as possible out of action." Napoleon has, moreover, declared—"that they never were in a case that required them to charge;" two circumstances which, without the intervention of miracles, "preserved their gaiety and their ordinary manners," and enabled them to see "fresh glory in the different difficulties to be surmounted!"

Consult the Twenty-ninth Bulletin.

It has indeed been the remark of his whole army, that ever since the Battle of Lodi, Bonaparte has taken special care for the preservation of him—self! Even when he ventured to inspect the banks of the Niemen, early in the morning of the 23d of June, 1812, previous to the passage of his army, he, according to his Third Bulletin, had the precaution to take "a Polish cloak and cap from one of the light cavalry, and was attended by General Haxo, belonging to the engineers, alone."

²⁰ "We see this *sacred squadron*, composed of brave men selected from amongst the valiant, preserving, in the midst of dangers, that constancy and that gaiety in which many men, although by nature sufficiently formed for hardihood, are deficient," &c. &c.

See the *Journal de Paris*, December 19, 1812.

Foil'd much the scheme Napoleon deep design'd,
 He here must leave his plunder'd hoard behind,
 And, from impending death himself to save,
 Doom half his followers to destruction's grave.
 Swift though his march, lo! Wittgenstein at hand,
 Presents, once more, no unavailing band²¹!
 His cannon but salutes Napoleon's ear
 When, to secure his course, consign'd his rear,
 Remediless, e'en women, children quite,
 Driv'n those by dint of arms, and these by fright,

Napoleon, addressing his Legislative Body, on Sunday, the 14th of February, 1813, declares that "the *Russians* shall return into their *frightful climate*." Russia had, however, nothing frightful in her climate, according to the Bulletins, till that "frightful calamity" called winter, all at once, "overtook the French army!" — — — "We are, at length, in *Russia*," write the French from Smolensko, August 22: "*it is a fine country*. The harvest is abundant, and the *climate is agreeable*!"

²¹ COUNT VON WITTGENSTEIN, General of Cavalry, whose sword was his only patrimony, is stated to have owed his first important promotion to the amiable sister of the Emperor Alexander, the lovely and dignified Catherine, who, finding that he was accounted an officer of great merit, though poor, with a wife and five children, solicited rank for him in the Russian service. His recent services in this campaign were rewarded with the Order of St. George, and 24,000 rubles a year.

Where now, alas! no refuge—passage found,
Alike the blood-thaw'd Berizina drown'd!

Startled at each report of warlike breath,
Though safe from Berezina's bridge²² of death;

²² "Nevertheless," observes the Twenty-ninth Bulletin, "the enemy occupied all the passages of the Beresina. This river is forty toises wide: it had much floating ice on it, but its banks are covered with marshes."

Determined to force his passage, "the enemy made demonstrations on many points," or deceived the Russians by different movements made during the 25th, and, at last, "succeeded in finding a very strong position," declares Admiral Tchichagoff, "at thirteen wersts from Borisow, where he placed a battery of 30 pieces of cannon, having on its flanks marshes and heights," and caused two bridges to be thrown over the river. "He effected the passage of the river under the protection of his batteries, so as to render it impossible for us to prevent it; particularly as the river was so very narrow, at the spot where he effected it, that the infantry crossed it on horseback." Napoleon had thus hardly crossed the river, when, on the 27th and 28th, "we heard a cannonade," continues the Admiral, "first on the right, and then on the left. Counts Wittgenstein and Platoff approached."

At day-break on the 28th, therefore, Admiral Tchichagoff attacked the French army in front, at the same time that General Wittgenstein found himself already engaged with the troops which defended the passage of the river on the opposite side. The Duke

Dreading, at every turn, some new-found snare,
Fierce as the panther, fearful as the hare,

of Reggio (Oudinot) and behind him all the French force, was upon the right bank; whilst the Duke of Belluno (Victor) guarded the tête-du-pont upon the left bank.— — —“The Duke of Reggio,” says the Bulletin, “caused the Emperor (Napoleon) to be informed that he was attacked: half an hour afterwards, the Duke of Belluno was on the left bank. The Duke of Elchingen (Ney) immediately followed the Duke of Reggio; and the Duke of Treviso (Mortier) the Duke of Elchingen. The battle became warm.”

Towards dusk Wittgenstein's advanced guard reached the heights which commanded the original bridge, and a new foot-bridge on the Berezina, over which the French were passing. Three batteries were immediately established: but as soon as Napoleon heard the guns firing on his rear, he instantly ordered the bridges to be burnt, when the most appalling scene of horror and confusion ensued,—carriages, guns, infantry, cavalry, men, women, and children, all hurried, or rushed towards the flaming piles!— — —“The troops from the first moment,” says the Retreat of the French, “crowded upon each other in the most disorderly manner, and many even met with a watery grave; but when the corps of Victor and Dombrowski, repulsed by the Russians, directed their flight to the bridge, confusion and terror increased, and were soon at the highest pitch. Cavalry, infantry, baggage, and artillery, struggled respectively to pass over the first. The weaker were forced into the river by the stronger, whose progress they impeded, or were trampled under foot; officers and privates met with the same fate: hundreds were

Napoleon, posting o'er the wintry waste,
Redoubles caution, and redoubles haste!—

crushed under the wheels of the artillery-train; many attempted to swim, but were benumbed in the attempt; and others, again, trusting to the broken sheet of ice that covered the stream, were drowned. The cry of distress was heard on all sides, but relief was no where given! At length, when the Russian batteries began to cannonade the bridge and both banks of the river, the crossing necessarily ceased; and a whole division of Victor's corps, consisting of 7500 men, together with five Generals, capitulated. Many thousands were drowned, and an equal number killed; besides which much baggage and cannon remained on the left bank."

Wittgenstein states that the enemy had approached the passage of the Berezina in great force, (having been reinforced by the corps of Victor and Dombrowsky, and the rest of Oudinot's corps, together about 30,000 strong,) and defended it with the greatest obstinacy, in order to save his artillery and baggage. But he was disappointed in this hope.—"They bring in so many carriages" writes the Count, "belonging to Bonaparte as well as to private individuals, that the distance of half a werst is covered with them; so that I have been obliged to dispatch three companies of militia to clear a passage only for the troops. Upon these carriages, most of them lately the property of Moscow Families, we have found, *besides a great booty for the troops*, a quantity of church-plate and other effects, which the enemy had stolen at Moscow." Much of this booty was in French gold coin.

Several of the prisoners affirmed that Napoleon was, at one time, in person at this battle, with all his force, which amounted

Not harlequinist, proteus in disguise,
 Nimbler than now the' imperial vaulter flies.
 Strange when such haste, such skill, for aye to find
 Pursuing Cossacks, scarce one step behind,
 Intent the' invader to their chief to bear,
 And, what the brave deserve, obtain the Fair;
 Platow's distinguish'd prize, the beauteous lot
 Of him whose arm should seize, living or not,

to about 70,000 men. The corps of Victor and Oudinot were composed of soldiers who had not suffered much, being provided both with artillery and cavalry. Napoleon's Guard was also still in tolerable condition.

The crossing of the Berezina cost the Grand Army upwards of 20,000 men. Oudinot, who so narrowly escaped at Jakaboff, here received a ball in his side, though the wound was not considered as dangerous. "Thus closed the second period of the Retreat, the general result of it amounting to the loss of upwards of 20,000 prisoners, about 200 pieces of cannon, and an immense booty." The main prize, however, escaped.

Other accounts describe the anxieties and apprehensions of Bonaparte, when left with his few remaining troops, on his march towards Wilna, as most acute. Hearing that Ney had escaped, he is stated to have exclaimed—"I would give the two hundred millions I am worth, in the Thuilleries, if that report could be confirmed!" When, indeed, he beheld Ney actually entering his camp, with a handful of men, he could scarcely speak to welcome him. Ney, it is added, loudly reproached Davoust; and, indirectly, even the Emperor himself.

Russia's Destroyer²³!—Proffer'd vainly, yet;
 Uncaptur'd he, though often bravely met.
 Pursued to Oschnisany, on the eve
 Of that same day he took Egyptian leave,
 E'en at Smorgoni, of his favour'd few²⁴,
 Reckless his army's fate, though this he knew!
 Met next at Syzemsck, else unworthy fame,
 Which prattling youth shall hence with wonder name,
 Learning, from gossip age, the dismal fray
 There chanc'd Napoleon, speeding on his way,
 When, but alighting to refresh, in rush'd
 Cossacks, albeit with generous ardour flush'd,

²³ Platow was reported to have issued a Proclamation, by which he offered his Daughter in marriage, with a portion of 200,000 rubles, to any one of his Corps who should bring in Napoleon Buonaparte, dead or alive!

²⁴ Paris, Dec. 18.—“ On the 5th of December, the Emperor, having called together, at his head-quarters at Smorgony, the Viceroy, the Prince of Neuschatel, and the Marshals Dukes of Elchingen, Dantzic, Treviso, the Prince of Eckmuhl, and the Duke of Istria, acquainted them that he had nominated the King of Naples his Lieutenant-Général—to command the army during the rigorous season.” The next annotations will show that the Emperor had good cause to expedite his march.

Warm for their chieftain's prize ; exulting, too,
 Napoleon's self, at last, within their view²⁵!

²⁵ NAPOLEON NARROWLY ESCAPED ! Any one may be certified of this fact, beyond all question, who shall peruse the subjoined extracts.

Major-General Lanskoy, after going twelve versts by cross-roads, fell upon the *advanced guard of the Grand Army*, at Pletschenitz, while it was *preparing quarters for Napoleon*, on the morning of the 29th of November. Napoleon now made for Molodetzchono.

During the evening of December 5, on the morning of which day Napoleon had taken what we term "French leave" of his army at Smorgoni, it appears that the partizan Sesslavin penetrated into the town of Oschnisany, where the enemy (consisting of nine battalions of infantry, and above one thousand horse,) were preparing quarters for that night. The whole of the Commandant's guard was cut to pieces, and himself owed his safety to the darkness of the night. The magazines were, at the same moment, set on fire by shells ; the enemy, dismayed and in confusion, fled to the outside of the town. The inhabitants declared, unanimously, that *Napoleon was there in person* ; but that (having been informed of his danger, by some of those who were devoted to him,) he had *changed his dress, and fled at full gallop* towards Wilna ! Admiral Tchitschagoff described the whole of the road, from Smorgoni to Oschnisany, as so completely strewn with the carcases of men and horses, and so covered with artillery-waggons, tumbrils, and carriages, that it was nearly impassable.

We learnt from Admiral Tchichagoff's Dispatch, that Bona-

Dreadful the scuffle wax'd; yet time it gave,
While sacrific'd his guards, himself to save.

parte fled on horsback from Oschnisany, in disguise, and with only a few followers. We are now informed, that, at the next small town, on the road to Wilna, called Syzemsck, he was still nearer being caught. Maret (yclep'd Duke of Bassano) had not received any intelligence either from Napoleon or from the Grand Army, for nearly three weeks, as none of his messengers ever returned. At this crisis, a Jew engaged, for 200 Napoleons d'or, to carry a letter to Napoleon: he succeeded, and returned with an answer, on the 4th of December, whereupon Boursier, a General of Cavalry, was ordered to move forward with the disposable troops, from Wilna, and meet the Emperor. Boursier found him at Syzemsck, exactly at the moment when he was in imminent danger of being captured in the house where he had alighted, by some Cossacks, who rushed in. He was protected, however, by nineteen of his attendants, or guards, who interposed themselves between him and his assailants. During this scuffle, Napoleon escaped, through a window, into the yard; and hastened on foot, through many windings and bye-ways, to the troops of Boursier, who ultimately succeeded in conveying him to Wilna.

Somewhat differing from part of the preceding account, the Retreat says, however, that the Duke of Bassano dispatched a young Pole to the Grand Army, disguised as a woman, who returned with intelligence, and was shortly after followed by Napoleon himself.

"The prisoners confirm the intelligence—that *Napoleon is no longer able to conceal his difficult situation*," says Admiral Tchichagoff, in his Report of December 11th; and "that *the whole Ar-*

Nor then disdain'd the hero his retreat,
 Convenient, through the wiudow,—aid to meet ;
 Again his safety owing to his flight,
 Eluded thus his foes, and mock'd their sight.

He glides through Wilna, emperor no more,
 Vicenza now—Napoleon heretofore ;
 Ill could he stop, e'en Wilna to survey²⁶,
 Vicenza's Duke admits of no delay !

my, sinking under their fatigues, were murmuring and becoming dangerous to him !— — — A few days ago, we took a number of his Guards. I have several times had for my habitation the same house which he had quitted only a few hours previously ; and — He has several times taken himself off, at the moment when the skirmishing commenced between my van-guard and his rear.

²⁶ Napoleon was too wary to stay longer than “two hours” at Wilna, when he passed through it, on November the 6th ; yet the Moniteur would impose upon us the story of his having been “employed there several hours with the Duke of Bassano,” to whom, however, he was seriously obliged for having so opportunely covered his retreat in the moment of exigency. The truth is, the Russians were in hot pursuit of him. Sesslavin, their partizan-colonel of the guard, came up with Napoleon's cavalry on the 9th, overthrew them, and entered Wilna as it were on their shoulders !—“From passing the Berezina,” observes Admiral Tchichagoff, “as far as Wilna, we have taken 150 pieces of artillery, upwards of 700 boxes of cartridges and

Warsaw, indeed, superior honour shown,
May boast his presence there, for hours, unknown.

rammers; and so great a number of baggage-waggon, that the road, in several places is choked, with them. We have likewise captured two standards, and several thousand prisoners. *His (Napoleon's) rear-guard has been attacked and cut up, so that he is flying in disorder and without defence; the men drop down with faintness, and, thrown into despair, surrender themselves! The enemy's loss does not amount to less than 30,000 men; the roads are covered with their killed and wounded, and men dying with cold.*"

Having confessed that Napoleon "*travelled incognito, in a single sledge, under the name of the Duke of Vicenza,*" we are then gravely told by the Moniteur, that in these circumstances "*he examined the fortifications of Prague;*" that, moreover, he "*surveyed Warsaw, and remained there several hours unknown.*" Be it so. Nevertheless, how must the patriots of Warsaw have been disappointed at their total unconsciousness, not merely of the "coming," but of the presence, during several hours, of him, who "like the sun, before which the ice dissolves, dissipated every obstacle;" and whose "benign accents" had been wont, according to the language of their Provisional Committee, to fill them "with sentiments of the most ardent gratitude!" Alas, this "Sun"—which could not dissolve the ice or dissipate the snows of Russia—this "Sun of Austerlitz"—was, this time, under a cloud! Napoleon (to drop the metaphor so audaciously arrogated and employed by himself and his eulogists) had long been, and still considered it expedient to be, "*incognito.*"

Recovering, by degrees, the cossack fright²⁷,
 Dresden affords short respite to his flight;
 Here with 'his Minister' he intertalk'd,
 Then, incognito, to the palace walk'd,
 Pass'd compliments with Saxony's sworn King;
 Time more forbad: for, ever on the wing,
 Renew'd his route, unstopping till he found
 His hunted feet secure on Gallic ground,
 Where, own'd himself, permitted to repose
 His heart alone with satisfaction glows²⁸.

²⁷ Speaking of this *distemper*, so fatally experienced by the Grand Army, the Retreat of the French states, that, all spirit of resistance and defence having ceased, "at the mere cry of '*Cossacks*!' whole columns surrendered; and that a few of them were often sufficient to take many hundreds prisoners."

²⁸ "*Every time that I re-enter France, my heart experiences the most lively satisfaction.*"—

Napoleon's reply to his Council of State, on Sunday the 20th of December, 1812.

Napoleon reached the Thuilleries, at half-past eleven o'clock at night, on the 18th of December, 1812. He had departed from St. Cloud, upon his expedition to Russia, on the 19th of May preceding. Certainly no one will doubt the lively satisfaction with which its Emperor re-entered on this trying occasion!

His heart, alone!—His victims left to know,
 Though followers tried, the bitterness of woe.
 Gallia! thy sons, once valiant, debonnaire,
 Now worn by conflict, spiritless with care,
 Downcast, dislaurel'd, a forsaken band,
 Hopeless of flight, incompetent to stand
 And front pursuit, all warfare long declin'd,
 Before—destruction, punishment behind ;
 Whene'er attack'd almost resistless yield,
 And scarce attempt to quit the' ensanguin'd field²⁹!

²⁹ Scarcely halting by day, the French now marched by night, in hollow squares, every where doomed to encounter the Cossacks, the road by which they retreated being covered with the bodies of men and horses.—

Lord Cathcart.

Followed by hunger, having no food, they were, in despair, forced to eat dead horses; forced to do what their polished contemporaries will hardly believe—to feed upon the bodies of their dead brethren!—

Petersburgh Gazette.

Punishment follows so quick upon these miscreants, that they fall victims to the flames in the dwellings to which they set fire; and are frozen to death in the very houses, of which they had demolished the doors and windows.—

Admiral Tchichagoff.

The men died by thousands through the cold, which was at 20 degrees, on December the 7th, at Konigsberg; and which

Unfear'd, unpitied, ranging with their foes,
 Misdeem'd their friend at first, now Wilna rose
 Against the' invaders, join'd the raging chace,
 And out her gates expuls'd them with disgrace³⁰.

continued, for several days, from 14 to 15 degrees of Reaumur, attended with heavy snow. During their march, it was no uncommon thing to witness the shocking sight of the wounded, owing to hunger, gnawing pieces out of the flesh of their also wounded comrades! The soldiers did not take the trouble to kill the horses first, but stabbed them and sucked their blood—to quench their own thirst; and even cut pieces out of their flesh while alive, and eat them up raw.

Advices from Königsberg.

³⁰ Loison's division, which had arrived from Königsberg, about 10,000 strong, to cover the Retreat, was, in the course of four days, without striking a blow, reduced by marches and bivouacking to 3000 men, and even this remnant was partly taken prisoners, and partly cut to pieces, near Wilna, where the army fled off with the most dreadful irregularity, filling the streets with dead bodies, and at once pitied and derided by the inhabitants; and where, on the morning of December the 10th, when the soldiers heard the terrifying cry of '*Cossacks!*' and fled to the gates of the city, they were assailed by a large body of Jews, both old and young, whose fury was particularly directed against the guards for ill-treatment received from them at an early period of the campaign.

Owing to the precipitation with which the remains of the Grand Army passed through Wilna, the Russians entering it

Of nature's storms, and vengeful foes the prey;
 What horrors gloom Invasion's setting day!
 Horrors, while great, by all unsympathis'd,
 Since guilt incurr'd, deservedly chastis'd,
 Ambition's guilt,—who waits not treaties broke,
 Nor fair excuse, his anger to provoke,
 Watching fit moment to ascend his car,
 And on the nations loose the dogs of war!
 Just are their sufferings who his cause embrace,
 Assist his conquest, and his triumph grace.
 Thus suffer Gallia's train, their sufferings great;
 While greater far, nor long reserv'd by fate,
 Confound the prescient, overpower the brave,
 Who find in life no rest, in death no grave³¹.

as it were on their shoulders, this *was the only place that escaped devastation and destruction, of all those which lay in the march of the French, since their leaving Moscow!*

³¹ Arms were now thrown down in all directions; the greater number of soldiers had neither boots nor shoes, but were compelled to make use of old hats and knapsacks, or of any other kind of covering, to fasten round their feet. Round their heads and shoulders they wrapped whatever first offered itself, and might serve as an additional protection against the cold, such as old sacks, straw mats half torn, and hides of animals recently skinned; and fortunate were the few who had succeeded in providing themselves with a bit of fur! With downcast looks, and every other mark of dejection, both officers and

Unsoothed be their pangs ; let the world mock,
When felt by these disaster's whelming shock ;

soldiers moved slowly on together in mute dismay ; and even the guards were in no way superior to or distinguishable from the rest,—they were now equally tattered, famished and unarmed. The road which the army followed was covered with dead bodies ; so that *every bivouack appeared, next morning, like a field of battle !*—---No sooner was a man fallen to the ground, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, than those who stood next to him stripped him, *while yet alive*, to cover themselves with his rags. Every house, and even barn, they set on fire ; and wherever such conflagration had been, there also was found a pile of dead bodies, those who had approached the fire to warm themselves, having afterwards, from extreme weakness, been unable to escape from the flames ! Wretches, black with smoke and filth of every kind, crawled, like ghosts, among the dead bodies of their fellow-soldiers, till they themselves dropped and expired. *Some were so helpless as not to be able to gather fuel ; but collected round any little fire that might remain, sitting upon piles of the corpses of their comrades, and died as the last spark went out !* Reduced to a state of complete senselessness, many were seen crawling into the fires, and were burnt to death in endeavouring to warm themselves ; whilst others, notwithstanding the example, crawled in after them, and met with the same fate. Others, who yet hobbled on, were nearly deprived of reason ; and some who had lost the use of speech, were, from the extremes of cold and famine, driven to a kind of delirium which made them roast and devour corpses, and gnaw even their own arms and hands !—

Retreat of the French.

Foes to that world, and every generous claim
Endear'd to man, though trumpeted by fame.

Where now the armies that Napoleon led,
Striking the nations with portentous dread³²?

According to subsequent accounts, from St. Petersburg, two hundred and fifty-three thousand bodies of the once Grand Army, fallen in this conflict, have been burned in the governments of Moscow, Witepsk, and Mohilow; and fifty-three thousand in Wilna, and the territory adjoining.

³² June 3, 1812.—“THE ARMY IS MAGNIFICENT; two regiments of Cuirassiers, belonging to the corps d’armée under the Duke de Elchingen (Ney), are particularly remarked. The first regiment of the Chasseur Guards arrived at noon, at Thorn, having at its head Marshal the Duke of Dantzic, (Lefevre.) This corps excites the admiration of every body: it defiled, to the sound of music, under the windows of his Majesty the Emperor, who expressed his satisfaction to the Officers.”

June 14th.—Napoleon this day reviewed an army of 100,000 men, in the plains of Friedland, when he made an energetic speech; which was received with loud acclamations, and answered with the exclamation of ‘Long live the Emperor!’

August 9th.—“The Emperor is still here (Witepsk.) His Majesty is in excellent health; the fatigues of war, and labours of the cabinet, appear to strengthen his health. He sees every thing himself, and descends to the minutest details with a truly paternal solicitude.

“NEVER WAS THERE AN ARMY MORE NUMEROUS, MORE WARLIKE,
MORE IMPATIENT TO CONQUER!

Where e'en the legions, fir'd with martial flame,
 Friedland, that on thy plains, with one acclaim,
 Napoleon erst saluted—' Emperor! ' King!—
 And with their cries made heaven's vast concave ring?
 Exultant heard no more their shouts resound,
 Palsied their march, their steps no longer found;
 Fallen are the armies that Napoleon led,—
 Defeated, gone, and number'd with the dead³³!

³³ About 40,000 men, together with an artillery by no means inconsiderable, had crossed the Berezina, when, amongst other calamities, another severe frost completed the measure of their sufferings.

Scarcely 25,000 (although the Grand Army had been strengthened by Loison's division,) passed the Niemen; the greater part of the artillery, heretofore remaining, had been left at Wilna, and the rest was lost during the march to Kowno. Hundreds of exhausted French soldiers were found sitting by the road-side, nearly frozen to death, and utterly incapable of making the slightest resistance.

Of more than 400,000 men, the greater part of whom originally passed through Königsberg, towards Russia, scarcely 50,000 returned, and these mostly cripples. Even of Napoleon's Guards, under Murat, which went through Königsberg from 30 to 40,000 strong, only 1,200 returned. The result of the Retreat, itself, is estimated at 100,000 prisoners, of whom 33 were Generals, and 900 pieces of cannon; whilst the total loss of the Grand Army, *through captures only*, is stated at 41 Generals; 1,298 Officers; 167,510 Non-commissioned officers and soldiers; and 1,131 pieces of cannon, up to the 26th of December, 1812.

Their chieftain, where? And captains, that support
 The blood-earn'd splendour of his guilty court?
 Hell for such dignitaries voiding room,
 These yet survive, escap'd the common doom,
 Permitted thus to run their destin'd race,
 Though scorn deride them, and though crimes debase³⁴;

Arrived at the close of this dreadful tragedy, let us finally revert to the language of the Eighteenth Bulletin.—

Mojaisk, Sépt. 10, 1812.—“ At half-past five o'clock, (Sept. 7, 1812,) the sun rose without clouds. ‘ *This is the Sun of Austerlitz!*’ said the Emperor. Though but the month of September, it was as cold as a December in Moravia. The *Army* received the *Omen*; the drum beat,— — — ‘ Victory depends on you,’ said Napoleon, in the Order of the Day: ‘ it is necessary to us; it will give us plenty, good *quarters for the Winter*, and a *speedy return to your country*, &c. &c. The army answered with reiterated acclamations.” So reported the Eighteenth Bulletin of the Grand Army; the BATTLE OF MOSKWA ensued, “ that great battle, under the walls of Moscow:” and what sort of “ quarters for the winter” the followers of the French Emperor found, after this great battle; and how many of those soldiers enjoyed “ a speedy return to their country”—respecting each of whom it was to be said, quoting the words of their great leader, ‘ He was at that great battle under the walls of Moscow, whence NEY derived his new title, let the result of this campaign testify.

Copenhagen, Jan. 2, 1813.—“ The Grand Army no longer exists, as the soldiers refuse to fight any longer !”

³⁴ Marshals, Generals of brigade and of division, arrived at

Scourgers of men—till soon the earth shall learn
 God's righteous dealings, and his hand discern!
 Scourgers of men—till man from strife shall cease,
 And him confess whose ways are 'ways of peace!'

Not always war shall triumph. Lo! e'en now,
 His crown sits loosely on Ambition's brow;
 Henceforth not ever shall his march await
 The wreath of conquest, with the sword of fate!

Wilna, just as they could, and, like their chief, in disguise!
 Many of them were absolutely on foot; others were on horseback,
 without a saddle; others came on sledges, wherein five or six
 were huddled together, dragged by a single wretched horse, and
 habited in all descriptions of dresses and cloaks, presenting, on
 the whole, one of the most grotesque spectacles imaginable.

Dignitaries of the same description subsequently reached Königsberg, much in the same plight; many on foot, bereft of every thing, and in peasant's clothes. Others, indeed, were clad in ladies' cloaks, some dressed like Polish Jews, some with pelisses of sheep-skin, and some with cloaks made of the altar-cloths which they had plundered from the Russian Churches! Marshals, Generals, Officers, even soldiers, associated in sledges, huddled together, so that it was hardly possible to distinguish one from the other, arrived in this manner, day and night, packed like herrings. Numbers of them had their noses, cheeks, ears, fingers, or toes, frozen off; worn to the bone with fatigue and terror,—more like spectres than men!—they, without regard to

Napoleon now is humbled, although wise
 His failings and his feelings to disguise.
 What, if he breath'd in no unfateful hour,
 Cradled in wrath, and tempest to pow'r,
 Heaven, that his course allows, his bounds ordains;
 Samuel is sent,—and Saul no longer reigns!
 What, if he fill'd the firmament of fame,
 While prostrate kingdoms shudder'd at his name;
 His sun now wanes,—the gazing tribes no more
 Shake at its portents, or its beams adore!

Such Europe's Crisis!—Oh that verse could rise,
 Equal'd the era, and assert the skies;
 Heaven, earth excite, against their common foe,
 And lay Ambition's murderous champions low!

Such Europe's Crisis!—Worthy him³⁵, alone,
 Who sav'd thy freedom when he sav'd thy throne,

rank, thankfully accepted a truss of straw for a bed, and dropped
 into feverish repose at the first hovel that would afford them
 shelter.

³⁵ “*Had Mr. Pitt lived to this day,*” said Mr. Canning, in his
 speech to the Committee for erecting the Monument in Guildhall
 to the Memory of Mr. Pitt, “*he must have been highly gratified
 with the present prospect!*”

Britannia! sav'd, and in that dubious hour
 When first the mental tempest seen to lour;
 While revolution mark'd her anarch range,
 Perplexing nations with the fear of change!
 Sav'd by thy second Pitt, who, as he died,
 Living thy shield, ' my country!' fondly cried;
 Glow'd still the patriot passion, warm in death,
 Britannia breathing with his dying breath!

Such Europe's Crisis!—Shall not Europe wake,
 And from her limbs conscription's fetters shake;
 Unsheathe the sword of justice, never tried
 Vainly, if firmly, and her cause decide?

Spread swift your winged sails, O ships! and where
 Gaul's despot sways, your freighted thunder bear.
 King of the North! persist in glory's track;
 King of the South! hold not thy forces back.
 Horsemen and chariots! speed your fiery way;
 Judgment is seal'd—and chides the Earth's delay!

APPENDIX.

No. 1.

RUSSIAN MILITARY.

SIR ROBERT WILSON, in his 'Brief Remarks on the Character and Composition of the Russian Army,' states that the INFANTRY is generally composed of athletic men, between the ages of 18 and 40, endowed with great bodily strength, but generally of short stature; with a martial countenance and complexion. They are described as inured to the extremes of weather and hardship, to the worst and scantiest food, and to marches, for days and nights, of four hours repose and six hours progress; accustomed to laborious toils, and the carriage of heavy burdens; ferocious, but disciplined; obstinately brave, whilst susceptible of enthusiastic sentiments; devoted to their Sovereign, their chiefs, and their country.*

* Sir Robert Wilson has preserved an instance of the spirit of RUSSIAN ALLEGIANCE,—of devotedness to country,—which, for the terrible sublimity of patriotism it displays, and as characteristic of the Russian Warrior in particular, is here subjoined.

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Religious, without being weakened by superstition, they are patient, docile, and obedient.

When General Benningzen was retiring upon Eylau, considerable numbers of stragglers formed what they denominated *Corps of Marauders*, who, placing ~~themselves~~ under the orders of *Chiefs chosen by themselves*, lived by violence, until opportunity offered for a return to Russia. A party of Russian officers, who had been captured at Landsberg, were marching to Prague on parole, but under the charge of French officers: a corps of marauders surprised the party, and (after some violence!) the Russian soldiers were proceeding to dispatch the French, when the Russian Officers interfered, and endeavoured to explain, that, as the French were but an amicable escort to them (having giving their own parole,) *their* lives must not only be preserved, but that honour obliged themselves to refuse the opportunity of release, and even bound them to proceed as prisoners of war, till regularly exchanged. Upon this, the Marauder Captain stepped forward—‘Will you,’ addressing himself to the Russian officers, ‘join, and command us, and conduct us to our country? If so, we are bound now to obey you; but, with this condition still annexed for us, that you do not interfere with our intention of putting to death the French which are in your company.’——‘No; we cannot!’ was the answer: and arguments were urged to demonstrate the justness of this decision. The marauders, however, now assembled as a court-martial; and, after some deliberation, the Captain advanced, and delivered its sanguinary decree: ‘The French, for their atrocious conduct to Russian prisoners, upon every occasion, have merited *Death!*—Execute the sentence.’ Obedience was instantaneous. They were shot,

Silence was again restored, when the Marauder Captain thus resumed his harangue.—‘Now, *degenerate Russians!*’ addressing himself to the Russian officers, ‘receive your reward: you, forgetting that you were born so—that your country has a prescrip-

The bayonet is (remarks Sir R. Wilson) a truly Russian weapon. The British alone are authorised to dis-

tive right to your allegiance, and that you have voluntarily renewed it to your *sovereign*—have entered into new engagements with their most hated enemies; and you have dared to advance in your defence, that your *word* must be binding in *their* service, when you violate the *oath* you have sworn against them. You are, therefore, our worst enemies; more unnatural, more wicked, than those we have slain, and you have less claim upon our mercy. *We have unanimously doomed you to death*; and instant death awaits you!— —The signal was immediate; and *fourteen officers* were thus massacred, for perseverance in virtue of the most heroic and affecting kind.

Of these admirable sufferers, the fifteenth, Colonel Arsinoeff, belonging to the Imperial Guards, was also supposed to be dead, the ball of the musket having entered just above the throat: he was stripped, and the body abandoned on the frozen and freezing snow. Towards night, after several hours torpor, sense returned; and whilst he was contemplating the horror of the past and present scene, identified not only by his own condition, but by the surrounding corpses of his mangled friends, and momentarily becoming more terrific from the apprehension of horrible and unmitigable death, he perceived a light, towards which he staggered with joyous expectation; but when he approached the hut, a clamour of voices alarmed his attention. He listened; and recognised his carousing murderers!— —

He withdrew from imminent destruction,—to a fate, as he then supposed, not less certain, but less rude and revolting. He retained yet sufficient strength to gain the borders of a not very distant wood; where he passed the night without any covering on his body, or any application to his open wounds. Providential protection was continued to him, and, as the day broke, he

pate their exclusive pretensions to this arm; but as the Russian soldier is chosen out of a numerous population, with the greatest attention to his physical powers, not enlisting any man with even indifferent teeth, their battalions have superior claims.

Punishment is not so frequent as in other armies, nor is it very severe. Their spirit of manhood is not pro-

discerned a passing peasant girl, who gave him some milk, finally sheltered him, and obtained surgical relief.

Arsinoeff recovered, and went to Petersburg. The Emperor ordered him to pass the regiments in review, that he might designate those of the marauders who had consigned him to death. This he declined to do. He observed, that 'he thought it *unadvisable to seek an occasion for correcting such a notion of indefeasible allegiance*. That, indeed, it was better to bury in oblivion a catastrophe that could not be alleviated, than by an exemplary punishment *hazard the introduction of a refined polity and manners, which, by denationalising the Russian, prepared him for foreign conquest*: that Russia was menaced by an enemy who could only triumph by the introduction of new theories, generating new habits; and although he himself had suffered from an effort of more liberal philanthropy, and respect for the laws of war, still he would not, at such a moment, be accessory to innovations— which removed some of the most impregnable barriers to the designs of France.'

Sympathy will be disposed to lament that this excellent man and genuine patriot, Colonel Arsinoeff, "one of the most estimable of the Russian officers, was shot afterwards in a duel, about a lady whom he wished to marry! He died universally lamented, and especially bewailed by the battalion of guards that he commanded."

trated by irreparable disgrace: and even in the presence of their Sovereign, whom they obey as an Omnipotent; they deport themselves as men and soldiers, honouring as well as honoured.

They exercise with great precision, and 'march' well; changing pace instantly, as if worked from one pair of hips.

The RUSSIAN CAVALRY is the best mounted of any in Europe. The heavy Russian horses are matchless—for an union of size and strength, activity and hardiness.

After the memorable Battle of Eylau, when the Imperial Cavalry of the Guards were ordered from St. Petersburg to join the army in Poland, the men were sent in waggons as far as Riga, and the horses accompanied at the rate of 50 miles a day. From hence they were ridden at the rate of 35 miles a day; and after a march of 700 miles, so conducted, they appeared in such excellent condition, that the regular garrisons of any capital in Europe could not have exhibited a finer cavalry parade.

Upwards of six months, during the extreme winter of Poland, they were continually at the piquet-post without any shelter; and for three months, or more, they had no other sustenance than what the old thatch, stripped from the roofs of the cottages, supplied.

This cavalry are alert and intelligent; brave, and capable of every evolution and operation; and they charge with rapidity and union. The officers also attend to their various duties with great zeal and diligence.

The RUSSIAN ARTILLERY is of the most powerful de-

scription. No other army moves with so many guns; and with no other army is it in a better state of equipment, or is more gallantly served. The power of the *draught horses* is so great, that on taking up positions, they will plunge through the ditches filled with yielding snow, although so deep as to cover their back, and bury the guns altogether. The *drivers* are stout men; and have the essential merit of carefully providing subsistence for their horses. The artillery-men are of the best description. When the Russian army was in Poland, above 500 pieces of field cannon moved with it generally, and were actually in the Battle of Eylau.*

* Prince Potemkin, "who never did any thing but upon a grand, and even an exaggerated scale, had formed in the army a corps of choice troops,—consisting of 40,000 Grenadiers, and as many Chasseurs; these troops were not incorporated with regiments, but served as separate corps. The Russian Cavalry, before Potemkin's regulations, was nearly insignificant. Hussars were not known in the Russian army; but, through his exertion, both the heavy and light cavalry were brought to a par with the best European troops of that kind. He also introduced companies of Flying Artillery: so that, at his death,—when the Prussian army was already degenerated, and that of France neglected,—the Russian troops were the first in Europe. They scarcely deserved the fourth rank when Catherine ascended the throne." Catherine's accession to supreme power took effect on the 28th of June, 1762; and Potemkin's death happened on the 15th of October, 1791, when he had but just completed his fifty-second year.

Besides their various improvements in dress, arms, organization, and tactics, the Russian troops display those military vir-

The *Cossack Artillery*, worked by Cossacks, consisted of 24 pieces, extremely light, and the carriages were fashioned with a care and nicety which did great credit to Russian workmanship. This park joined at Heilsberg, after the battle of Eylau, and in a march of 3,000 wersts, in the course of 14 weeks, not one horse was disabled or died; nor was one piece lost during the whole campaign.

tues by which they always were distinguished; the habits of a hard and frugal life—readiness to bear fatigues of all kinds, with as much cheerfulness as constancy—severity of discipline—unshaken fortitude, whether in offensive or defensive operations—heroic courage, exemplary patience under sufferings, and contempt of death! Combining the most precious natural qualities with whatever of strength and consistency art is enabled to superadd, the Russian troops are become sufficiently formidable to chastise the insolence, and humble the power of their enemies,


APPENDIX.

No. II.

COSSACKS.

THE *Cossacks*, commonly called *Cossacks*, are a description of troop peculiar to the Russian army. Though amalgamated in the Russian Empire, the natives of the Don and the Volga still preserve a constitutional independence which is possessed by none of the other provinces of Russia. Supposed to have originally come from the neighbourhood of Mount Caucasus, they first settled on the Don, anciently denominated Yanais, whence they sent out colonies and conquered Siberia, which they ceded to Russia in 1581; and, in 1584, they established themselves on the Volga. They made their first appearance in the Russian Armies in 1574*.

* **DON COSSACKS** are (Dr. Clarke says) a mixture of various nations; principally of Circassians, Malo-Russians, Russians, and also of Tartars, Poles, Greeks, Turks, Calmuts, and Armenians. In the town of Tcherchaskoy alone, and in the same street, may



Potemkin, who commenced the reform of the Russian Army in 1784, first "submitted to the Empire a *nursery of soldiers*, who, till then," says the Biographer of the Prince, "had, indeed, been nominally its subjects, but of very little service. The Cossacks had formed *volunteer militia*, governed by republican laws, which no one, before him, dared to attempt to alter. He formed the *Cossacks into Regiments*; and subjected them to the same recruiting laws, and discipline, as the other troops. He afterwards employed them in their true character, at the outposts, but regulated their service according to the principles and tactics proper for this kind of warfare, to which they never had attended before. He shewed, by

be seen all these different people at once, each in the peculiar habit of his nation. Thus, from a small settlement of rovers, augmenting principally by intercourse with the neighbouring Circassians, has since accumulated, like a vast avalanche, the immense horde of the Cossacks. According to their different emigrations and settlements, they are distinguished as Malo-Russian Cossacks, Don Cossacks, Cossacks of the Black Sea,—of the Volga, of Grebenskoy, of Orenburg, of the Ural Alps, and of Siberia; where they have received yet other appellations, and extend even to the mountains of China, and to the Eastern Ocean.

Their earliest colonies were established upon the Volga, in 1734; but by much the most powerful detachment from the original hive is established upon the shores of the Caspian, at the mouth of the Ural river; it left the Don in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and has since been augmented by emigrations from the parent-stock.

the effect which these changes produced on the Cossacks, of what utility they might be to the Russian army. Potemkin esteemed them much, and was beloved by them. They almost adored Suwaroff; who, equally fond of them, taught them to serve with the greatest distinction."

Regulated by their own laws, exempt from taxes, and governed under the immediate authority of their own ATTAMAN, or chief, chosen from amongst themselves, the Cossacks are relieved from all impositions of conquest, except the obligation upon every male to serve gratuitously for five years with the Russian armies, and some interior services connected with their own police. Blessed with a country of rich plains and noble rivers, which nature covers with the glorious canopy of a fine climate, and fills with redundant food, the Cossack still maintains his warlike character; and unites with the most enthusiastic admiration of his country, and a disposition to profit of its enjoyments, the ambition of martial service, and an errant spirit of adventurous and foreign enterprize.

Commonly with the Russian nation, his military qualities are splendid; but hereditary habits of war, and a natural talent for that species of warfare in which the Cossack is engaged, adds an acuteness and capacity that is not generally shared. By the stars, the wind, and an union of the most ingenious observations, he travels over countries unknown to him, through forests almost impervious, and reaches his destination; or tracks some precursor, whom he is directed to pursue, with the assurance and indefatigable ardour of the instinctive blood-hound!

Nothing can elude his activity, escape his penetration, or surprise his vigilance. Irreparable disgrace would dishonour him whose negligence occasioned an advantage to the enemy.

Mounted on a very little, ill-conditioned, but well-bred horse*, which walks at the rate of five miles an hour with ease, and can dispute the race with the swiftest,—with a short whip on his wrist, as he wears no spur, armed with the lance, a pistol in his girdle, and a sword, he never fears a competitor in single combat. In vain discipline would endeavour to present an impediment to his protruding pike. But although the Cossacks, upon some occasions, have discomfited regular cavalry, their service is of a different nature, and requires greater latitude of operation. They act in dispersion, and when they do reunite to charge, it is not with a systematic formation, but what in Germany is called the swarm attack; yet even here the order should originate from their own officers, who best know their genius and powers, or, which is frequently the case, be the effect of a voluntary impulse—that simultaneously animates the whole.

* The *Cossack horses* are accustomed to the open air in all changes of weather and season, and to find their food under the deepest snow. With respect to the Russian cavalry in general, Sir Robert Wilson pronounces it “the best mounted in Europe;” because “*English horses never can serve abroad in English condition*: at least, he adds, so long as the English cavalry are nurtured to require warm stables, luxuriant beds, &c.—so long as efficiency abroad is sacrificed to appearance at home.”

body, and which is expressed by a yell of excitement more frightful and terrific than the war-whoop of the Canadian savage.

Dexterous in the management of an horse that is guided only by the snaffle-bridle,—for they use no bits,—they can twist and bend their course through the most intricate country at full-speed.

Notwithstanding, however, their military services, the security which their vigilance assures their army, and the distress their enterprises and stratagems occasion the enemy, they are injurious to countries where the good will of the inhabitants is of immediate importance, or where moderation and regularity can alone provide the armies with their subsistence*.

* Imputations of the above character do not invariably attach to the deportment of the Cossack, as the following letter, January 13, 1813, from Marienwerder, may serve to exemplify. "Yesterday," says the writer, "was the happy day in which the hour of our release arrived. Early in the morning the alarm was beat;—about six o'clock we heard a firing in the vicinity of the town, and soon after two Cossacks entered at full gallop. *The Cossacks met the inhabitants in the most friendly manner, and were received and welcomed with joy.* Some hundred Cossacks are in the garrison, and keep up a most admirable discipline. So quiet a night as that following on this eventful day, we had not enjoyed for a long time. One again breathed freely, and could speak his mind openly, without fear of being informed against by watchful spies. Every brave Russian cries (as Prussians and Russians yesterday did,)—Long live the Emperor Alexander! Long live Frederick William!"

Individuals who have not witnessed the achievements of the Cossacks, may, perhaps, hesitate to credit their superiority in cavalry attacks:—but where is the body, armed with sabres, that can resist a lance projecting above six feet beyond the horses' heads, sustained by the firmest wrist, and impelled with the activity of the race-horse? The Cossack is not first armed with the lance when he proceeds to war; it is the toy of his infancy, and the constant exercise of his youth. He thus wields it, though from 14 to 18 feet in length, with the address and freedom that the ablest swordsman would use his weapon; it becomes invincible but by fire; and the presuming enemy, who rashly adventures an unequal contest, will either perish or obtain an inglorious experience.

They and their horses have alike constitutions of iron temper; no toil, no weather, no distress seems to affect their efficiency or impair their service.

The equipment of the Cossack's horse is light: a snaffle—an halter, of which the rein is always held in the hand, that he may be instantly attached in dismounting or led with facility,—the tree of a saddle, on which is bound a cushion stuffed with the rider's property, the hard substances being pushed to the extremities, so that they do not hurt him,—form the whole of his accoutrements and baggage.

The dress of the Cossack consists of—a blue jacket, with a white frog on the cuff or cape, fastened with hooks; a pair of loose trowsers, plated so as to cover and conceal the opening in front; a pair of short boots; a black

cap, made of the unshorn lamb, from which depends a red pandour sack, and a plume on the side of the cap, or, what is more common, merely a cloth cap, with a kind of sack hanging behind, in which he stuffs his provisions and other articles; and a white, or black, hair Circassian short cloak*.

But the *Cossacks of the Body Guard*, who always attend the Emperor, clothe themselves with a magnificence, which (corresponding with their extraordinary proportion and stature,) renders them the most superb corps of cavalry that can be imagined. Their dress is red, with French-grey trowsers: they disdain the ornament of artificial metals, and solid silver is wrought, throughout, upon their arms and appointments. They are all nearly six feet high, some higher still; with broad shoulders, and of graceful form! The admiration of ornament is not, nevertheless, selfishly confined to the decoration of their own persons. The Cossack never forgets his home; never disconnects his thought from his family. Natural in his affections and domestic in his habits,—though in stranger-countries respecting no property or rights,—with avidity he seeks for tokens of his recollections; he estimates money only as the means of obtaining these more valued objects, and he exchanges for

* Coupled with their other merits, the Cossacks have the precaution not to rush back when advanced within the range of guns too highly elevated; but, rather, to close—until such time as they perceive an opportunity to evade the line of fire altogether.

female trinkets, even at an exorbitant depreciation, the spoil that he pursues with eagerness and acquires with hazard.

Cossack officers are by no means ignorant, or devoid of manners; and education is rapidly extending. Amongst the common Cossacks is also frequently found a chivalresque spirit—a delicate sense of honour—that would grace the very age of chivalry, and add a glory to records which eternise illustrious examples of fidelity and virtue*.

* Bonaparte himself, in his ‘Official Collection of Bulletins, Memoirs, &c. of the campaigns of Prussia, Saxony, and Poland’, admitted, respecting the *Cossacks*, although he charged them with cruelty in action, that “they are brave, active, dextrous, and high-minded warriors.” After such an acknowledgment, the reader, supposing he possessed no other estimate of the Cossacks than the admission of Bonaparte, will know how to appreciate the following paragraph, which appeared, during the late campaign in Russia, in the *Journal de Paris*.—“They talk much about the Cossacks,” says the writer of a letter from Moscow, “and you believe them very formidable,—undeceive yourselves: they are *marauders*, who sometimes succeed in surprising ill-guarded posts; but they cannot support the sight of our battalions, and a single regiment of *Hussars* would be sufficient to put the most numerous *pulk* to flight.” Bravo! Messieurs of the *Journal de Paris*.

Frenchmen, however, know better to appreciate *Cossacks*. After the assembling of the French troops in the North, we know that several squadrons were selected from the *cavalry regiments*, and taught the exercise of the lance; that—what?—they might, with more confidence, meet and repel the attacks of the *Cossacks*! Prince Poniatowsky, likewise, raised additional troops of Polish Lancers. “The Cossacks,” admits a Letter from Augsburg,

Russia can summon 40,000 of such warriors into the field; composing a description of troops which are known to be admirable on all detached service, but infinitely superior in that to which they are now called*.

December 30, 1812, "were the only troops which have disturbed the march of the French and their allies." So much, then, for the recent exploits of these *high-minded* "marauders," *dextrous* "in surprising ill-guarded posts," and who, *brave as active*, are said to have been "the only troops which disturbed the march of the French and their allies," without being "put to flight!" Cossacks certainly are, as Napoleon said, "high-minded warriors."

* There is something extremely martial, (says Dr. Clarke,) and even intimidating, in the first appearance of a Cossack. His dignified and majestic look; his elevated brows, and dark mustachoes; his tall helmet of black wool, terminated by a crimson sack, with its plume, laced festoon, and white cockade; his upright posture; the ease and elegance of his gait, all give him an air of great importance. The sabre is not worn except on horseback, or on a journey, or in war. Instead of it is a switch, or cane with an ivory head; this every Cossack bears in hand, as an appendage of his dress, being at all times prepared to mount his horse at a moment's notice.

Heber was informed, by the procurator, according to the best of his judgment, that the aggregate number of Cossacks, subject to service, pursuant to their tenure, was 200,000 men; and the whole number of their male population was reckoned at half a million.

They loiter about, it seems, having no employment to interest them; and, passionately fond of war, are distressed by the indolence of peace.

FINIS.



